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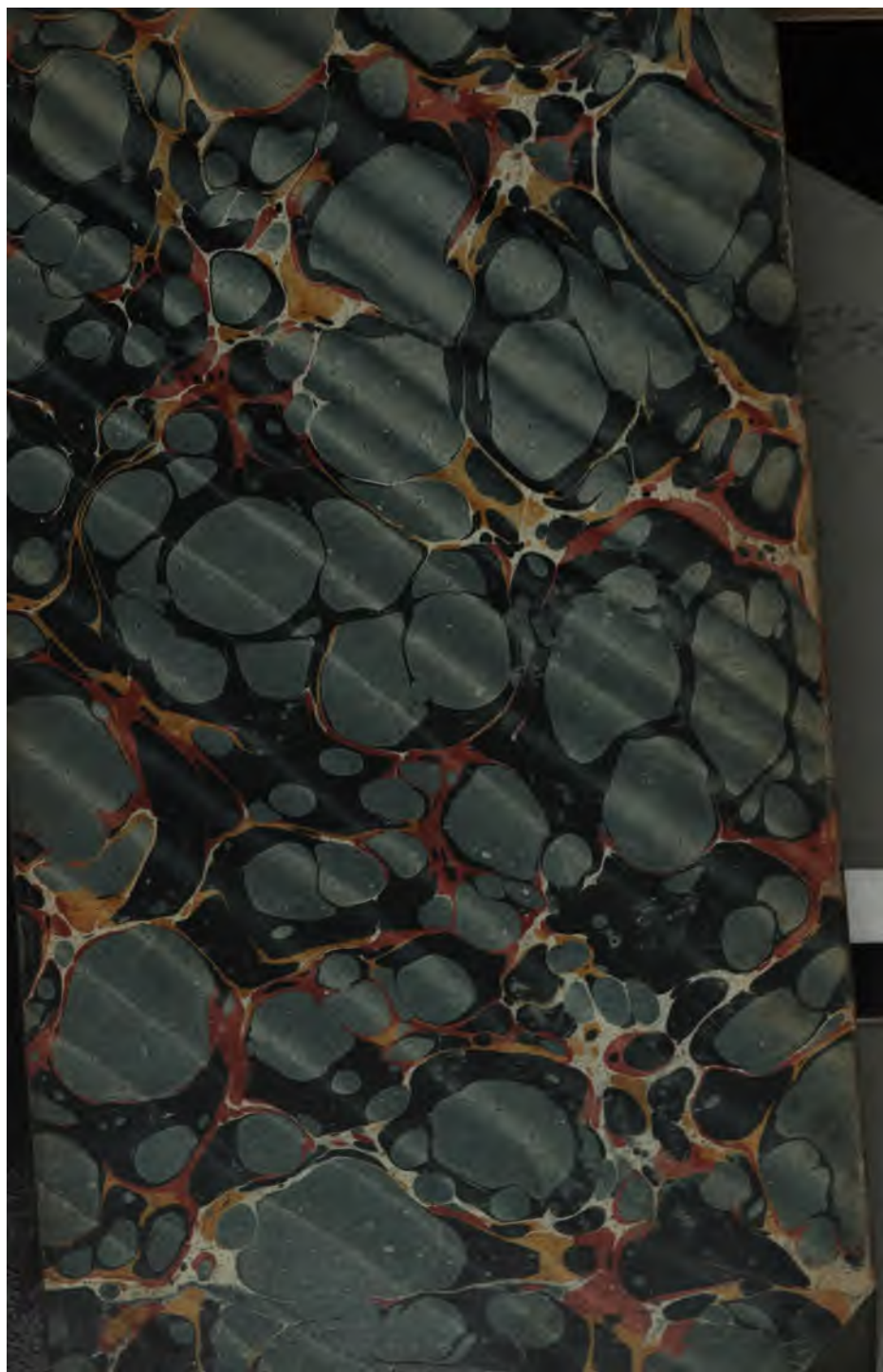
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# THE BOATMAN

OF THE

## BOSPHORUS.

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### CHAPTER I.

Dushenka, Dushenka!\* the robes that thou wearest,  
Seem ever most lovely and fitting,  
Whether clad like a queen of the East thou appearest,  
Or plain as a shepherdess, sitting  
By the door of her cottage, at evening's calm tide,  
Thou still art the charm of the world—and its pride.

Thou fairest of saints that Devotion hath sainted,  
Divinest of all the divine  
All the pictures of beauty that ever were painted,  
Could give no idea of thine!

BOWRING, FROM THE RUSSIAN OF  
BOGDANOWICH.

THE lines above written, describe in some sort, a certain portion of Count Kazimir's thoughts—as,

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\* Dushenka, diminutive of "Dusha," "the soul." Dushenka is the Russian Psyche.

during the time that passed so drearily for Zarifa in Warsaw, he was himself spinning out life as he best might—at Labronna.

He recalled the mantling cheek of the boy who had first addressed him with warning voice in the streets of Warsaw—its varying colour, slightly noticed at the time, or noticed only as an unbecoming shyness, which added years would teach the youth to overcome ; but now, recalled, dwelt on, dreamed over, and cherished, as giving confirmation to a sort of hope, that, in despite of reason, he permitted himself to entertain. The terror-paled face which he had seen in the Bielany Forest, and had looked on almost with scorn, for what had a Polish boy to do with fear ? came also before him, but now, called into remembrance—to be worshipped, idolized, doated on—was not fear paralyzing her gentle woman's heart ; yet did she not struggle with the harpy while sense and life held good ? She did ; and for whom ? “ Thy mother ! thy sisters ! ” uttered Reason in bold terms. “ For thyself besides,” whispered a different voice in

low silvery accents—*low*, very *low* ; but listened to with attention so ready, that its every sound was caught, and echoed as 'twere pealed from a trumpet. Then would Kazimir seek to spell out from looks, or tones, or words, in their last of meetings, some syllable, if but one, that might say his hope was no presumption ; or, restored to his better sense, he would start from his reverie, and ask himself how he dared to hope—to wish, that a bosom gentle and pure as Zarifa's should be given over to the “vulture beak” of a passion so unlikely to be a happy one.

Unsanctioned by his mother, would that noble girl ever bless himself with her love ? or if, surprised like himself into an unpermitted affection, would she not yield her life a prey to the misery of hopelessness, rather than fail in the duty she owed to her early protectress ? He felt that she would, and became reconciled to what he had just before been lamenting—namely, his total inability to derive from look or word of Zarifa's, aught that could reasonably give him hope.

He, too; could he wring the heart of his widowed mother? he, her only hope, her pride, her all!—to whom she was invariably mild and affectionate, nay, observant and yielding, however harsh and imperious to others. No! he would endure to live in misery rather than that! then, falling into another extreme, he would recal each part of his own conduct, during the short hour passed in his sister's cabinet, with the witching Zarifa; examine, or seek to do so, all the words he had uttered—even the tones he had used; nay, try to recal the looks he had worn, however unlikely he was to be aware of their expression. How zealously at these (so-called reasonable) moments, would he seek, by many an argument, to convince himself that he had in no way betrayed the depth of feeling just stirred from its sleep in his soul. The interest she had awakened could not be suspected by Zarifa. She believed him never consciously to have seen her before the last hour preceding his departure; she knew not of the sudden revul-

sion that had taken place in the Forest of Bielany—from contempt for the cowardly boy, to the softest pity, the utmost respect, the most unbounded admiration ; nay, he might well add, the tenderest love, for her own most gentle and beautiful self.

Unconscious was Zarifa that, lying half in darkness in the Raftsmen's hovel, which had sheltered him on the Saxon Boors, his remembrance of her bright perfections had given light to chase the gloom, and kept him patiently awaiting her pleasure in that den, till Berkovicz (even that most devoted of lovers, not *more* devoted than himself) could no longer be restrained from returning to his betrothed Julia.

Did any one but himself know how his deepest feelings were strengthened and confirmed by the last interview in the cabinet of Fedora?—feelings that could only end with life ! None did ; none should know ! his mother would thus escape disquiet. Yes, such was the decision at which Kazimir believed himself to have finally arrived.

Yet, when professedly seeking to assure himself that his beloved Zarifa did not share the misery he was enduring, he took the rather equivocal method of calling her soft eyes before him—filled, too, as they were, by tears of irrepressible pain that would start into them, when, the last adieus given, all were seated in the carriage for departure: should not the glad beating of his heart as he thought of his own, just possible, share in her regrets; should not *this* have caused a doubt whether the conviction he professed to seek, were honestly and fairly the true end of his enquiry?

It should indeed! Oh, philosopher, whose sapience has come together with grey locks and grizzled chin, we deny not the consequence; but when was young love renowned for clear logical deductions! Little was Kazimir thinking of these when he made it his dearest occupation to con over every precious moment of the last hours spent by himself and Fedora at the house of his old nurse Gadomska.

Nor can it be denied that the occupation thus chosen did credit to his taste, whatever may be thought of his judgment, since a lovelier picture than that presented to his eyes as he stood unsuspected by his lady-bird's bower, has been rarely looked on. The simple wrapper that Fedora had caused her friend to assume, was held to her rounded waist by a thick cord only, its soft texture closing round a throat, well-formed, beautifully coloured, and graceful, as that of the bending Lhada,\* the band of gold and pearls, that, circling her fair brow, vainly called Zarifa Jewess, had not been laid aside; but this in itself is picturesque and ornamental, as Kazimir, now for the first time, perceived. He partook, to a certain extent, of the prejudice felt by Poles against the Hebrew, and had rarely marked the beauty, great as it often is, of those to whom that distinctive head-dress rightfully belongs; but now he saw, that in itself, the

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\* Lhada, the Polish Venus.

small tiara was a pretty thing, or rather he declared mentally, that the delicate face beneath, was bestowing on it a beauty not its own. And here, perhaps, he was not wholly wrong—the most prejudiced can not deny striking beauty to the Hebrew face in woman, when seen at its best; but the warmest admirer of its peculiar character, will concede the palm of excellence, to intellectual loveliness such as Kazimir now gazed on, derived, as the principal attraction of such beauty usually is, from the perfection of moral purity within, and almost invariably presenting a true index to a mind equally eminent in feminine loveliness.

Who has ever seen the Virgin-Mother painted as she lives in his soul? None; because that perfection of loveliness dwells neither in feature nor complexion! it escapes the painter's hand, even while glowing, a consecrated image, in his heart; but living, breathing faces of this exquisite character, are occasionally seen by some few fortunate eyes; who shall blame such, though



they linger on the sight—who, certainly not we—we even grieve for Kazimir, that the perfect specimen his own beheld, could not bless their sight for ever.

Yes—just as we picture the sainted Mary in our visions, looked Zarifa to the eyes of her nn-seen observer—what could be more lovely than the expression she wore, bending affectionately her gentle face over the much-beloved sleeper?

She, too, Fedora, no inharmonious portion of the group was her figure. One small hand was thrown up, and twined its ivory fingers through the rich dark curls of her friend's hair in the unconsciousness of sleep—the other, pressed her cheek—which, taking warm tints from the pressure, was half hidden by the soft light brown locks that lay scattered in silken luxuriance over the lap of the young nurse:—the fine blue eyes of Fedora were tranquilly concealed beneath their transparent lids, but the long fringes of those lids lay on the delicate cheek, no inconsiderable addition to the sum of beauty. Then her attitude,

was graceful as that of young slight womanly forms ever is in sleep, because then all unrestrained; no painter could censure one who should delight to linger on such a spectacle.

You, reader, even you, may have been content at some time to dwell on some similar scene, or if the sleeper were not, as in the Count's case, your sister—she was somebody else's sister perchance—did you forego your pleasant occupation for that? We trow not!

## CHAPTER II.

And Nations, created in the likeness of God, began to be looked upon as stones and earth, and they were lopped off, that one might not weigh more than another, and command was given to look at empires, and the fatherlands of men, as a piece of money which was cut to make it round.

And philosophers were found who praised what kings had devised.

But of this came much evil!

ADAM MICKIEWICZ,

“Done to English by LACH SZYRMA, 1833.”

So passed the days of Kazimir Romanowski, till the time of his sister's marriage—then, aroused, per force, from the solitude of his habits, he took

part, as was reasonable, in the festivities of the occasion. These, the Countess had vainly urged the delighted Voleslas to forego—to abridge them was the utmost she could prevail on him to concede—and they had scarcely ceased when the dangerous illness of a near relative, called Berkovicz to the neighbourhood of Warsaw, whither he was accompanied by the restless Kazimir.

In the memorable Listopada it was, and on the fatal 29th of that month that the friends again entered Warsaw. Voleslas, anxious only to perform his duty, and then hasten back to his reluctantly quitted bride, Kazimir with more of interest than he had ever before felt in the capital: the proud Polish noble had always preferred the freedom of the country to the restraint and form of Constantine's military Court, nor, except in his turn of duty, did he often remain within the gates of the city. Now, however, he was not indisposed to linger there, and thus it chanced that Kazimir and Voleslas

were passing the doors of the National Theatre, at the very moment when the excited crowds were bursting from it, echoing the cries of insurgents dispatched thither to light up their easily kindled passions, and causing the evening air to ring with sounds of "Do Broni del Brazia! do Broni!" to Arms, Brothers! to Arms!

That disaffection was in the capital was known at Labronna, as in every village of Poland, and it was not without difficulty that the spirited Countess had restrained herself from exhorting her son to do on his *Karabella*.

"He had taught the Ottoman foe to feel the weight of his arm," she proudly declared, "and how keen was the old Polish blade that it wielded;" but this was to serve his country's tyrant, not his native land—the Russ!—more hateful to the Polish feelings of the Countess than the Turk himself. But to see him stand in the ranks of his own loved *Polska* defenders!—the mother's feelings scarcely withheld her from declaring how great would be her pride in this sight, and the

ill-disguised exultation with which she heard even such light and passing rumours as reached their seclusion, left no doubt as to how those within her influence would be counselled, if the now but faintly breathed note of defiance to the hated Muscovite, should indeed become a sound to wake the universal echoes of their "Holy Mother"—the adored of all, their sacred Polska.

Yes, the daughter of an ancient name—the "princess in her land,"—could dare to hope for this, even while her mother's heart quivered at the dangers to which it would in such case resign "her beautiful, her brave," her only one—her idol Kazimir!

From the rumours to which we have alluded, the tumult, though unexpected, was not incomprehensible to the young men; but, considering what they saw as the partial outbreak of a few inconsiderate persons, soon to explode in unmeaning outcries, they drove rapidly through the streets of the city, cleared the "Cracow suburb" and the "Novy Swyat, or New World," passed

the Church of St. Alexander, and were approaching the Barrier of Belvedere, at some versts beyond which it was, that the friend to whom Berkovicz was proceeding resided, when their progress was effectually impeded by a crowd so dense as to make all onward movement impossible.

Grieved at what they—better informed than the secluded Countess—felt to be but the beginning of sorrows, the brothers looked sadly forth on the self-devoted people, none of whom, however, offered the slightest molestation or insult.

After the lapse of a certain time a large body of those assembled drew off in the direction of the city, leaving the road comparatively free. They might then have proceeded; but a youth, seated on a drosky, drew his carriage close to that of the gentlemen, and implored Kazimir, in the hoarse, half-choked tones of excessive excitement, to save the life of the boy who had once preserved his own. “The *boy*,” Nikolaj said; for, with his usual acuteness, he had divined the unwillingness

of Zarifa to be known to the brother of her friend, in the travesty she had assumed, and even in his extremity of distress, the faithful Russ remembered her probable wishes, and asked the assistance of Kazimir for "the boy." Instantly attentive—for Romanowski knew the applicant, after a short observation, to be the driver who had carried him off, as it were, from the Barrier, and under the very eyes of the police, he yet supposed the Russian to mean himself only, and asked, though with interest, "What danger is threatening you?"

"It is not I, Lord Count, not I; but he who attended you in the forest—the Panicz!"

"Ah! the Panicz!" and the Count sprang from the carriage; but instantly perceiving that his brother-in-law might be in the way, he turned to Voleslas, and, telling him that he "would soon pull the boy out of the tumult and follow," bade him drive on and lose no time. He spoke with such carelessness as a man might exhibit who talks of dragging his dog from the press of the



crowd in a fair, though his very heart trembled within him at thought of so soon meeting Zarifa again, when the most that he had hoped for was some casual mention of her name from the lips of Anna Gadońska.

Seeing Voleslas hesitate, Kazimir continued in the same light manner, "Go, good fellow! I want my supper; go on, and bid Stanek have ready a substantial one. Here is a drosky will bring me after thee before thou hast well given orders." It had been agreed between the young men that Romanowski should not proceed to the house of the sick man whom Voleslas had come to visit, but should remain at the well-known inn of Stunek, distant but a few versts from the barrier, wherefore, taking the matter as lightly as it was represented to him, Berkovicz then drove on, and Kazimir turned to question Nikolaj. He had supposed that at worst Zarifa was but hindered from passing by the crowd—what she might be doing there it was no time to consider. His horror may then be imagined, when, in reply to his

question of where the boy was, Nikolaj declared her frightful situation.

Scarcely hearing to an end the few words used by the eager Russ, Kazimir dashed on the group pointed out by Nikolaj as the captors of the Panicz, whom they had that moment dragged from the palace. He overturned those who hid the prisoner from his view, and there indeed was the supposed boy, supporting her sinking frame against a column, and surrounded by her angry accusers; but without loss the of a moment, Kazimir interposed himself between the trembling girl and her excited captors, prepared to guard her while life should last.

He addressed the group so roughly dispersed, but now fast closing round him, mechanically placing his hand where his sword should have been ready. It was then only that he remembered his want of arms: these had, of course, been laid aside with his military dress; but in the heat of the moment this was unthought of, until, seeking the means of defence, he found none.

The action was not lost on those surrounding him, and now, recovered from their first surprise, and regardless of Kazimir's remonstrance on the illegality of their proceedings, they attempted to regain their prisoner. "He is but a boy!" they exclaimed, in reply to the Count's reproaches for their attack on a mere child, "a boy! Yes! a child if you will; but he has been able to ruin the best part of our enterprise, and shall suffer, were he still more a child than he is. A boy if you please; but a spy none the less."

"A spy! a spy!" the hated sound was caught up and echoed on all sides.

"You too! what are you! a spy, like himself, perhaps! and you are no boy, what is to prevent us from hanging you with him?"

"What shall prevent you from hanging him? Our Captain! the noble Romanowski! This shall, and this, and this;" each speaker flashing forth a sabre as he spoke, and all shouldering off the civilians, while they ranged themselves around the astonished Count Kazimir.

They belonged to the Insurgents, these soldiers, that was clear; but yet they were men of what had been his own regiment, nay, they were even of his very Company; but they had been goaded to rebellion by measures afterwards explained to him. The present was no season for aught of explanation save as to what was then transacting round the column.

Informed, however, that the boy was a detected spy, that he had betrayed them, an effect was evidently produced among the soldiery by no means favourable to his safety. It was in vain that Kazimir declared the child to be one of the pupils of a well known institution founded by his mother, a ward under her care!

“The Lady Countess, was the true daughter of Polska; but there might be dishonesty among those receiving her benefits—if this boy were already so dangerous, it was time to cut off his traitorous career, what might they not expect as he grew older?”

“Yes, yes, let him do no more mischief!” yelled

the first assailants. Kazimir glaring round him as each cry rose, with eyes that for the moment withheld all assailants from more active demonstrations.

The soldiers still declared they would not see their honoured captain injured or insulted, though he had ceased to command them ; but a spy ! the very sound of the name roused angry passions, and sheathing their swords the men drew on one side, leaving the road free to those so lately driven back.

Emboldened by this turn of affairs, he who had first decreed the terrible fate now threatening Zarifa, sprang forward to lay hands on her shrinking form ; clinging to the column, she uttered a low cry—low, almost inaudible. None but Kazimir could have heard it. But it roused the tiger in his heart ; felling the wretch, whose profane hand had all but touched her, with one blow of his powerful arm, he snatched a sheathed sabre from another, overturned his next assailant with the weapon, thus comparatively

harmless ; then tearing it from the scabbard, he would presently have taught a more dangerous lesson to any who might attack one, guarded by the most accomplished of Polish swordsmen, when two officers broke into the scene of violence, opposing their own breasts to the weapon.

These, late his brothers-in-arms, now bore back effectually the mingled crowd of people and soldiery, commanding all to pause before they ventured to attack a friend and leader.

“ He is one of us ! ” they exclaimed, and the soldiers readily caught and repeated their exclamations, “ Romanowski ! Romanowski ! when was one of that House known to fail our Polska. Our Holy Mother.\* This is not rebellion noble Count, it is the uprising of the nation ! It is our country again awakened, the voice of

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\* “ Our Holy Mother,” a frequently used term for their country among Poles. “ Holy Poland,” “ Sacred Polska,” “ Our Treasure,” “ Our Patrimony,” with many terms of positive endearment, are also frequently heard.

our Sacred Polska! speaking once more to her sons. Shall that holy call remain unheard by one of her noblest? No, Romanowski! You will come with us to our barracks, to those of the ——th, the ——th, the ——th, the ——th to *all* the regiments, *all* are with us, we want but leaders, and even they . . . do but hear the names of our Brothers already at their duty! and the ardent speaker enumerated Noble after Noble; the assembled thousands filling the air with acclamations, as each name came forth.

“You will be one of these true sons of Poland, Kazimir?” said the second officer, taking his place by his side, “you must be, or you are not a Romanowski.” Again was that popular name caught up and echoed by soldiery and citizen, till the palace rang to the sound through every court and hall.

Bewildered and amazed, Kazimir felt borne away in spite of his opinions by the current of events. We say opinions, not feelings, one feeling only could animate the true son of

Poland a deadly hatred to the dominion of the Russ; this he shared, deeply shared it, with all who loved her; but his opinions, had been formed after an anxiety of thought beyond his years, an extent of observation commensurate to his opportunities, which were many, and these went to show that the present was no mode for establishing the longed for happiness, the Peace, the true Freedom of his beloved Country.

The confusion of the Count was not unmarked by those surrounding him—they left him no time to consider. “What were a regiment of spies?” they cried to the murmuring conspirators, still keeping guard on the boy, though unable to touch, or scarcely to see him. “What were an army of such, compared to one Romanowski? Is he of a house to send forth spies? and does he not answer for the child?”

“Passage! passage! make way, brothers, make way!” and their strong forms, presenting a barrier to all intrusion, the two officers cleared a path for



Kazimir and his trembling charge towards the carriage; this, Nikolaj, closely observant of each event, had edged nearer and nearer to the principal group, as repeated plaudits, following the name he hoped in, came, a glad sound, on his ear.

The half-dead girl was at length hidden from the unblest gaze that Kazimir hated to know her subjected to, and he seized the reins from the hand of Nikolaj; but to this many voices rose in opposition, when his own loud tones surmounted and silenced all. "For one hour, my brothers—one hour only! I WILL see my charge in safety—none shall prevent me; that done, I am with you!"

"As our captain—our leader?" uttered a voice from his old troop.

Kazimir paused. "Our captain—our leader?" repeated many a voice, till the sound arose to where he stood, from all quarters. He thought of his mother, of her certain sympathy in this movement, however hopeless. For a moment the thought, *was* it so hopeless? warmed his

heart. "Might our Poland, our holy Poland, *not* be freed?" The very supposition was, for the moment, an intense joy; it thrilled through his spirit, and when, under the fleeting influence of that thought, he uttered the desired response, he did so with heart and soul.

Acclamations followed loud and many, in the midst of these Kazimir sprang into the driving seat. "And in one hour you will be with us again?" asked many voices.

"In one hour: you have my word!" "Enough—enough," was returned on all sides, and, moving off, the young Count was pursued by reiterated plaudits: but not long could these drown his reason, now recovering from its late surprise, and loudly declaring that he had permitted the impulse of a moment to weigh down the well-considered judgment, the settled convictions and decisions of years.

To these assertions what could he oppose? One only question: would any other method, short of declaring her real character, have sufficed

to rescue Zarifa? Reason could see none such, and was bidden to silence.

Clear of the crowds around the Belvedere, Kazimir now asked of Nikolaj whither he was ordered to drive the Panicz; but this was a question less easily answered than asked. Nikolaj had gathered from the remarks made near him, that the dwelling of Zahroun would by this time be levelled with the ground, or at best would be no place of refuge for Zarifa.

This he imparted to Kazimir, but without naming the person of whom he spoke as "the father of the Panicz," merely stating that he had heard the dwelling threatened by men unlikely to utter such threats vainly.

"And its master," asked the Count, "what of him?"

Ah! the Pan himself; he was sure to be safe. He would be found by none but his friends; those who sought him with hostile purposes would seek him in vain. Of that Nikolaj was confident, nor without fair reason, seeing that most

sufficing warnings had been so placed by himself for his two masters, before the boy started for the Belvedere, that each must be entirely on his guard. He did not explain so much to the Count; but what he did say was a relief, since whether the "Pan," whom Nikolaj so carefully abstained from designating, were Zarifa's father, as the Countess was now willing to suppose, or guilty of stealing a noble child, as his sisters averred and the household believed, in any case the Count felt that violence suffered by him must be pain to Zarifa, and he gladly received the declaration that she was spared it.

The consideration now was, whither must she go? and for this, after a short cogitation, Nikolaj said he was prepared. The Panicz had friends; if the noble Count could trust to Nikolaj, he would drive to some of them. His high-born Lordship would, of course, choose to return to the Belvedere!

It was obvious to Kazimir that Nikolaj desired to be rid of him; but the boy's extraordinary

caution in preserving Zarifa's secret, which the Count saw clearly was not unknown to him, betrayed a delicacy of perception rarely to be found in his class. His zeal for her welfare was manifest, his intelligence equally so, and, thinking he knew whither she was to be taken, Kazimir agreed to return to the Belvedere.

Leaving the drosky in the Freta Ulica, he yet stood to see it take the proper turn to the Ulica Bielanska; then, darting through certain passages by which the last-named street might be gained more quickly on foot than by the carriage road, he waited in sight of Gadomska's house until he saw Zarifa deposited, by the ready and careful Nikolaj, in the care of the common friend.


The cause of Zarifa's disguise, and unexpected appearance in the Bielanska Ulica were briefly explained by Nikolaj; but the warmest welcome had preceded it: the boy briefly assured his Panienka that the noble Count knew her only as the Panicz of Bielany; he then left her to the restorative and comforting measures of the kind matron,

and hastened to ascertain the state of things in the Uliça Franciscana.

It was not without anxiety that Nicolaj approached the Franciscan Street, though firmly believing all he had said to Kazimir as to his master's safety. His first object was to ascertain the whereabouts of Zahroun, next to give Jagel the pelf he coveted, and then to lead his horses to food and shelter. In a few hours he was again at the Uliça Bielanska.

"Well, Nikolaj, hast thou seen Zahroun?" asked the widow.

Nicolaj had not; but the Jew was safe, he had escaped, as the boy had conjectured he would do; nay more, the warning left by the Drosky driver must have been acted on speedily, as well as effectually, since Zahroun was said to have decamped with all his more valuable property, leaving only the heavy merchandise which he could not remove, and on which the avengers might glut their vengeance with but little loss to its owner.



“ But Zahroun will not expect the Panienka to live in the den he has left ?”<sup>1</sup> said Anna, with the look of one who, having found a prize, fears the owner may come to reclaim it.

“ No, the house is in no state for the Panienka to *see*, much less inhabit,” Nikolaj laughed at the contest in Anna’s face, between a proper regret, and her feelings of gladness at having Zarifa to be established with herself ; being taxed by Nikolaj with showing but little sympathy for the misfortune of his master, the good woman was fain to admit the charge, but since life and limb are safe, as you say Nikolaj, why then, she contended, surely there is no harm in resignation.

Nikolaj would have disputed the term “ resignation ;” but in the midst of his mirth, a sudden stop, a burst of tears, alarmed the widow, whose sympathy was now indeed sincere and heart-felt.

“ What can so grieve thee child ? not the loss of thy home ? surely I can give thee one as good, and thou canst be the Panienka’s servant. She will accept thee, never doubt her man, ’tis

not to-day she learns thy worth, she thinks more of thee than thou knowest, thou shouldst have heard her Nikolaj, talking to the Countess Fedora, and of thee !”

Most effectual were the words of Anna ; yet the tears of the boy had flowed on all the faster perhaps for her kindness, but his own feelings of pride soon stopped them, and his acknowledgments were not spared.

Anna lightly guessed that it was not the loss of his home which troubled Nikolaj. Never was Russ boy dainty in the matter of lodging, and Nikolaj was all unspoiled by luxury. The grief that for a moment had overpowered his assumed indifference had a deeper source, and he explained this to the widow.

Nikolaj had found but one of his late co-mates in the Uliça Franciscana, a fellow servant, who like himself had been absent from the tumult. This was fortunate for both, popular fury is rarely nice in its choice of victims, and in this case the character of the master was sufficiently bad to



make that of his servants suspected. After hearing various reports as to what had become of Jagel, the two drivers, Kuszma and Nikolaj proceeded to stable their horses; but here a horrible spectacle presented itself, trampled under foot by the animals, lay the mangled remains of the wretched Jagel; he had been literally torn to pieces by the mob, limb from limb had they riven the unhappy man, and left him, a nearly indistinguishable mass, where his horror-struck servants had found him. But even that was not all, a beautiful infant, the dead spy's only child, had been hidden, perchance by his frantic parent, in the manger. When leaving the building a portion of its dress caught the eye of Kuszma, but when the young men tenderly lifted the little creature from its hiding place, its innocent bosom was found pierced by a shot, it was even then breathing its last sigh. The dying infant it was that, suddenly presented to the recollection of Nikolaj

had checked his affected mirth, and now the tears of Anna, joined his renewed lamentations.

“None could have hurt the infant willingly, Nikolaj declared, but in the deadly strife of which that building had been the scene, some hand had dealt the blow unconsciously. He was the dearest babe, that little Norbert, the prettiest boy! Nickolaj’s very delight. To him, as the grieving Russ declared to his kind listener, he was ever glad to hasten, and ever himself a welcome sight, when released from his labours Nikolaj sought his narrow chamber, whither he was ever accompanied by the little playmate whose sad fate he now lamented.” “And a good way of passing thy leisure it was child, and would keep thee from worse; but where hast thou left the pretty creature, and what must be done with its corpse?” asked the pitying Anna.

“It was for the present in the reverent care of Onufka, the mother of Kuszma; the latter Nikolaj declared he must even then go to seek, these

two having agreed to meet at midnight, or when interruption might be least expected, for the purpose of burying the wretched Jagel where he lay ; as to the infant it would have more fitting rites, none would forbid such to its innocent remains, however this might happen to those of the miserable father."

"And the saints will protect so good a deed," said Anna. "When thou has finished come back to me, thou shall find a comfortable bed. Tempting his appetite then with many an unaccustomed dainty, the good woman sent the boy forth with a stomach well filled, and a heart greatly lighter than she had found it.

Anna then returned to Zarifa, whom, having already divested of her borrowed weeds, and wrapped in the more seemly night-gear of Fedora, she had placed in a warm, quiet bed ; she now crept softly to her couch, but heavy sleep had fallen on the deadened senses of the over-wrought girl, and she was not conscious to

the cordial looks bending over her, as she lay there nestling, dove-like, in the soft white sheets.

For a moment Anna stood thinking of her own good fortune, that had secured the sweet girl to her keeping, and to the special cares she was so fond of bestowing ; then she reproached herself for the selfishness of her thought, and finally the good woman, stole off with noiseless feet, forgetting self altogether in arrangements for her new inmate Nikolaj.

These were neither many nor difficult ; but never before had it been Nikolaj's lot to tenant so snug a chamber, and very comfortable did he find the good warm drink, which the maids of Anna had prepared for his return. This took place in time, and spite of the tumults still filling the streets, spite of the tales wherewith the Russ boy scared their souls, the household of Anna was soon in repose, profound, as though horror in its wildest forms, were not holding high carnival without !

## CHAPTER III.

Sarmatia is my country ! and that word  
Tells thee enough of misery !

But *is* the life-tide of our Polska past ?  
But *is* her death-bell sounded ? No, no, no !  
The fires of freedom in our bosoms glow.  
We watch the hour !—we sleep not, Rome's proud heirs  
Fell !—but they fell not while a spark was theirs  
Of Freedom !—but we are not fallen ; we—  
Driven through the earth—yet worship Liberty.

SPRINGING into the first drosky that presented  
itself, Kazimir, when assured of Zarifa's safety,  
returned to the Belvedere ; but unexpected were  
the scenes there presented to his view, and

cheerless the omens he drew from them—not in triumph, but in sadness did he look upon the body of his enemy, Cheffkine, whose various acts of tyranny were now enumerated and bitterly dwelt on, by those who sought to excuse the violence, that even thus early they repented. History has preserved the names of other victims to the popular rage; but we meddle not with her province, and pass on. The troopers who had so opportunely arrived to the rescue of Kazimir were indeed men of his old corps, but these formed only a small portion of the military that, on the next and following days, came forward to join themselves to the popular cause—the fourth Regiment of the Line, a body of Sappers, and certain companies of the Grenadier Guards being the first to set the example.

Fully were the hours and thoughts of Kazimir now occupied, but though pressed to assume a more prominent station, he would accept no other rank than that of captain to his old troop.

This body of men had been hitherto distinguished for good order, or, as they now called it, for a blameable submission to a tyrannic master. The successor to Kazimir had, however, scarcely been well placed in command before he totally changed the face of things; promoted to the vacant captaincy by the secret influence of Cheffkine, he seemed placed over the men to show them the extent of the loss they had suffered from the resignation of Romanowski, and to punish them for the regrets they had testified on that occasion. Effectually had this leader exasperated and disgusted the troops, officers as well as men, but still retaining among themselves that harmony by which they had been distinguished while under Romanowski's command, they were ready to a man for joining, heart and hand, whatever enterprise should promise change. Their hated captain had nevertheless not suffered violence in the outbreak, as was reported by the enemies of the cause; three hours before that event took place he had been killed in a duel, fought with

a brother officer in a barrack of the Bielany suburb; but this truth was not ascertained till the day following that of the attack on the Belvedere.

Resuming his duties then, the whole attention of Kazimir was given to the preservation of good order in his corps, and the prevention of violence wherever his influence might prevail; this influence was far beyond the rank he had chosen, and he had hence the consolation of knowing that if, as cool reflection convinced him, his arm could do no ultimate service to his country, yet his present command enabled him to prevent the commission of much evil; his labours to that end were therefore unremitting and in these he found his best resource against the forebodings that would assail him, as to the result of the movement in which he was so unexpectedly a partaker.

The non-appearance of Kazimir at the appointed time, had caused considerable uneasiness to Berkovicz; on the second day the latter returned to Warsaw, and was not long in finding his brother.



Now Voleslas was altogether unfavourable to the movement, and believing Kazimir to be of his opinion; it was not without much pain that, at their first interview, he heard the truth of his present position.

"I had thought that you were looking, like myself, to the moral regeneration of our country," said Voleslas sadly; "have I not heard you call this the only safe and certain road to its political restoration? Yet do I find you seeking it in rebellion."

"You are not to say rebellion, Voleslas. I thought—still *do* think, that the time has not yet come for our country to resume her place among the nations.\* Others, wiser than I, have thought differently. I am pledged to these, and will abide by them; not in rebellion—say that no more, Berkovicz—but in a struggle, authorized, even if premature, for liberties that none

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\* Let it be remembered that these words—which are not fictitious—were uttered in the year 1830.

could justly take from us, and that no moral obligation forbids us to resume whenever we may."

"By what strange influence does this sophistry pass for reason with you, Kazimir—you, the very last to be led by words that are but sounds. Why will you seek to defend by such, a measure, so inexpedient, rash, and ruinous as this to which you have lent yourself? Did you not say, two days since, no more—did you not agree with me, that however hateful to the Pole is the dominion of the Muscovite, yet, that the time has not yet come for this to cease? It was yourself who remarked, that never were the peasantry and traders of our land fed, clothed, prosperous as now; when the labour of the one and the enterprize of the other, finds each a steady demand—a certain reward, in the vast markets of Russia. Markets nearly all our own, or if not exclusively ours, still the better for that, because shared in, for our benefit, by those whose industry may stimulate, and whose experience may guide us; nay whose resources have already in-

creased and still contribute to strengthen our own."

Voleslas paused, but receiving no reply he proceeded. "We suffer evil from the Russ, you say—granted; but is this in proportion to the good we derive? You know it is not. Of misgovernment, to a certain extent, we may justly complain; but have less cause to do so than the native subject of the Czar. It is the *blindness*, not the *vice*, of Rulers that forms the curse of nations: time is curing that malady; it is *his* province alone, can we hope to assist him by filling the eyes of his patients with the blood of our country?"

Again Berkovicz awaited remark from Kazimir, but none was made, and he went on. "Evils exist, but as yet we may not hope to escape them. By the strong hand, never! Where are our troops? You reply, they are wherever a Pole is breathing. Let this also be granted; but their arms!—where are these to be found in numbers sufficient to meet a continued demand?

Where are our magazines? Our munitions of war? Where the ports through which these last might reach us? Yet all these will be demanded by a protracted struggle. Say we are repulsed—it is possible to the bravest—have *we* the mountain fastnesses of the Spaniard or the Helvetian, to give us shelter and space for breathing? Should our Plains become untenable, do we possess the strong holds, the fortresses wherein the Netherlander may entrench himself? Where, while we battle with the Russian Briareus, where is the friend who shall divert for our benefit; but one, only one, of the hundred arms he shall put forth? Will the Prussian send out his ill-gotten millions to join the ranks of their brothers? Or the Austrian, smooth-tongued and mild as he seems, will he give back the prey in his clutch? Rather, shall not he arm against us the very hands that should be strength to our cause, the very hearts that may be throbbing to aid us?

“Is your trust in the promise of France? Oh,

vanity! vanity! the very gossamer she weaves were not so light!\*

“In the sympathy, the succour, of the freedom-vowed Islander? For the first, yes, he will give it you—not an English heart will refuse it—but the last, that which wanting ye perish, he will not, perhaps cannot, give; and I, is it I, who must say these things, and to you my brother? surely there is even yet delusion, ’tis some frightful dream, for the world is not older by a week since I heard you say all this, and more—aye—yourself!”

Kazimir was still silent, and Berkovicz looked on him in astonishment; again he spoke:—

“I know the opinions of the Countess, but you have agreed with me that she is not aware of the true state of the question; she listens to her pride and to her warm Polish heart, rather than to that judgment which, on other points, we respect so much; it is not *her* influence that is

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\* Again—let the period be remembered—“Die Zeit bringt Rosen.”

affecting you, it cannot be, yet there *is* influence somewhere—there is more than I see in this matter ; you are not wont to change so lightly, no cause shewn, even when the interest is a light one ; how much less then, when the safety of our country, our sacred Polska lies at stake.” Voleslas looked at his brother as desiring to read his inmost soul, suddenly a deep colour kindled on the brow of the enquirer, a new and painful thought had struck him. “ Kazimir,” he said, and his tones were low and thrilling, “ Kazimir, you have not done this, surely you have not, for revenge on that basest Cheffkine? you cannot have so far tarnished \* \* \* \* \*

Kazimir interrupted him “ I have not Voleslas, no revenge was in my thoughts—till fully pledged, I knew not of Cheffkine’s fall, and lamented that it happened in such sort, but we will not speak of the why, enough that the act is irrevocable. You have spoken of my mother, her wishes have not been consulted, yet is it a consolation to know that, her natural fears

as a woman apart, she will see the step I have taken with less pain than you do, dear Berkovicz. Fedora too, she will call me the Soldier of Polska and content herself with the sound, how musical to her ears, in comparison with 'Russian hireling,' which you know she used to call us both ; for our Julia, she will think and feel as you shall teach Voleslas ; it will be your part to save her from such grief and pain as you may, this I need not exhort you to do. Now go, Berkovicz, we will speak of this change no more ; take care of my home for me, bear them whithersoever their safety may best be cared for—but you will—they have a son and brother in you ; be very thankful, dear Voleslas, that you leave me such a blessed thought. Now, go—I have business to attend," and affectionately embracing the brother, whom he felt to be so in heart and soul, Kazimir hastily left him, for Voleslas showed no disposition to depart.

Some days after this interview, the amended state of his relative permitted the departure of Ber-

kovicz to his home : he saw Kazimir no more, for so the latter had determined ; but Voleslas went with heavy heart as he thought of the suffering in preparation for his country, and in deep sorrow for the friend whom he had left so unexpectedly behind him.

The records of the day, sufficiently indicate the course of events as occurring in Warsaw during the winter of 1830-1. We confine ourselves chiefly to such as affect the fortunes of those in whom we take interest, not proposing to arrogate to ourselves the high province of the historian ; or, if matters of public interest unavoidably mingle with our narration, we will be heedful to approach them with all fitting reverence, taking especial care in no case to falsify the fact, if any, that we venture to touch on, nor in any manner to distort its features from the actual truth.



CHAPTER IV.

Then to the camp vast crowds of warriors throng,  
From every quarter summoned—shouts of joy  
And the gay music of the battle-song,  
Bid the heart leap, and light the ebon eye.

From the Polish of KRASICKI,

Translated by DR. BOWRING.

Are we degenerate ?

KAZIMIR SZABIEWSKI.

WE return to Zarifa, whom we left in the motherly care of the good Anna Gadomska. When she awoke from the long stupor rather than sleep, in which she lay during the two days first following her rescue, the watchful Nikolaj was admitted and

assured her of Zahroun's safety, "but he was concealed, for if found his life were as nothing." The place of his hiding Nikolaj could not, or would not, say."

"But you are sure he is safe?"

"I am, entirely sure, Panienska; I have even seen him, and he bade me say that you must be pleased to remain with the Pani Gadomska until he can again prepare a home for your reception."

To this command Zarifa made no objection. Her hostess, to whom Nicolaj had before imparted it, declared that so righteous a decision on the part of the Jew, went further to make her think he might by possibility have some sort of claim on the Panienska, than any act of his that had before come to her knowledge. Yes; some fairer claim he might possibly have than the robber has to the thing stolen, which as yet was the only one she had accorded him. He had found the child, it might be; she had been given to him, perhaps; such things had chanced.

Any way, she was just then in especial charity with the Jew, and would have listened with indulgence to any hypothesis in his favour, short of the one that Zarifa was his daughter.

This was a question with which Nikolaj did not meddle; whosoever her parent, the Panienka was his very good friend, his honoured mistress, St. Nikolaj make him thankful! Neither had his master, Zahroun, ever beaten or ill-used him, as he had known happen to others in like case with his own, in consideration of which he, Nikolaj, would be always ready to serve Zahroun, if work were to do, else the Miracle-worker, on whose day it was his happiness to be born—so do the Russians call their “Summer St. Nikolaj”—would see good reason to desert him, as till now he had not done, and the boy devoutly crossed himself in acknowledgment.

It was also imparted to Zarifa by the all-knowing Nikolaj, that Count Kazimir had resumed his place in his regiment. “Not holding it,” Nikolaj said, “for the late Commander-in-

Chief, Konstanty," but at the will of what he, Russ as he was, felt no scruple in calling, parrot-like, "the tyrant-freed Nation." The well-born Count would not be made a "Commander-in-Chief," or a "General," or an "Aide-du-Camp," (Nicolaj's notions were not of the clearest as to military grade.) No, he chose to remain a captain; but then, no doubt, the high-born noble was right. Whether Zarifa thought so too or not, we find no where recorded; but what we do find is, that the Captain, "who would not be a General," rarely saw the fair Zarifa, except at times for a single moment, when he enquired after the health of his ancient nurse Gadomska.

For some days after the 29th, the constant reply on these occasions was, that the nurse was in excellent case; and many a fondling word, with which her Polish language most richly supplied her, were thereupon lavished on her nursing, with whom she was much more familiar than with any other of the "family."

These few days having passed, however, a dif-

ferent state of things supervened ; a dangerous illness seized Gadomska, and though she struggled through it, her medical attendants declared that her life was a miracle—one, too, that had only been worked by the instrumentality of her young visitor, who, beside that she was the most efficient of nurses, had managed the details of a very delicate experiment, tried by the physician as a last resource, and which he would not have dared to attempt but for the trust he felt in his intelligent and wakeful auxiliary, Zarifa.

To this it was that Anna was believed to owe her life ; but when she became sufficiently convalescent to leave her chamber, an alarming weakness and languor attacked Zarifa—an almost certain consequence, the skilful surgeon declared, of her late unremitting exertions.

It was then that Kazimir was ever in the house of Gadomska, when his military duties called him not elsewhere. He believed his embodied angel to be seeking her native heaven, even as he gazed ; and sadly were his eyes now fixed on her

delicate cheek, with but little restraint on the warmth of their expression. Not now did he seek to check the habit of using for her ear such tones as were never offered to that of another. I will not say that the eyes are ineloquent speakers; but ever commend me to the sound of the voice.

He committed no further overt act against the wishes of his sovereign lady-mother. The anxious look, the eloquent tone—these were all; but they were of daily, hourly occurrence. Cheerful society was now good for Gadomska, the physician said—nay, it was excellent for both his patients; and Kazimir's fashion of supplying this, which he dutifully did for his nurse, was much after the manner we have described.

But Zarifa became better, possibly because Romanowski had really stumbled on the right reading of Dr. Minskoff's "cheerful society;" and then Kazimir was cheerful in the common sense of the term. He had thought Zarifa to be dying before his face, and her recovery gave his heart a

lightness that had long been a stranger to it; but if he had before gazed sorrowfully on her dimmed and fading cheek, so curiously did he now count and mark each returning tint as it came, that Anna, not at all a suspicious person, saw the whole extent of the mischief, and declared to herself that, “unless the true origin of the Panienka should be discovered, there was a pan of millet gone over.”\*

These were “the pure white days” of Zarifa’s life, and the good Anna beheld her perfect beatitude with deep wishes that it could last; but also with much sadness, as she felt that to be impossible. To Kazimir, interested as he was in the enquiry, the bright colour that lighted Zarifa’s face as he entered, might have been legible, as it was to their common friend Anna; but the rare treasures of intellect, of feeling, of purity, of excel-

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\* “A pan of millet gone over.”—This expression, a very common one among uneducated Polish women, is derived from a certain conjuration performed with millet, the boiling over of the grain producing the most fearful consequences.

lence, daily rising to his view in the fair subject of his thoughts, caused a doubt of himself that kept him very modest in his construction of that circumstance.

"She does not dislike to see me," he would say to himself; "but then, shut out as she is from all that can interest a mind like hers, I am the only companion she can have—were my sisters here, I should have little chance of being cared for."

So thought Kazimir, until the time came that he left Warsaw for service in the field—then the dear conviction became his own, that he was more to Zarifa than the brother of her friends.

It was rather suddenly announced to her that he was going; for to him the affair was so much a matter of course, that it had never been spoken of, every one clearly understanding it; besides, in the case of Zarifa, the Count would not have dared to think precaution necessary, when speaking of his departure, thus he did so quite simply and coolly. She did not faint nor scream as he




quietly alluded to the march, in the course of conversation; but her eyes dilated wide for a second, as the eyes of one who has received a pistol shot; spasmodic quiverings shook her features for the same short space, then, mastering as she believed, all exterior indications of the anguish that blow had given, she sat still—still, like a creature turned to stone. This, then, was the first time a thought of his going to the field had occurred to her. The Count could not conceal from himself the effect; but if, under other circumstances, he might have triumphed in the hope he had thus gained, it was impossible to do so now; the sudden gasp, the startled eyes, the bent and contracted brow, the compressed lip, all unperceived by herself, while they eloquently spoke the feelings within—these betrayed too much of sorrow. He was not permitted to attempt consoling the grieving girl, but in that, the first moment, when Kazimir perceived the treasure he coveted to be his own, he suffered with her and

for her, and his love became more than ever sacredly devoted.

From that instant his resolution was formed to apprise the Countess of the truth, he would not marry without her assent, no ; but if she gave him not the woman whom she herself had formed to excellence, she must not expect him to marry any other ; it would be sacrilege, and mere mockery of the altar. He would live for Zarifa, or alone ; let the Countess choose the whether.

With such resolve did Romanowski leave the city. In his adieus to Zarifa he sought not to seem indifferent ; in his heart he held her to be his affianced bride, though no word of love had passed his lips ; and deeply conscious was the gentle girl that he whom she now gave up to the wild chances of war, was devoted heart and soul to herself.

Week followed week, no day passing, but was marked by keen anxieties. One morning Zarifa sat by an open window ; it was a sunny



day in February, and the air was mild and balmy as though the month had been June. The street on which the apartment looked was one much frequented, and Zarifa, concealed by the window shade, looked down languidly on the accustomed sights below; yet she looked as one who saw them not, for her thoughts were not with her eyes. Motley crowds passed in quick succession—sellers of Bapkas, a sort of Russian cake; of books, brooms, phosphorous matches, braga, sand, &c., offered their various wares to the uhlan, the cuirassier, the soldier of the line, the yager, the sapper, the artilleryman, the men “of all arms” in short, now thronging the ways of the military city, and giving it an air more than ever warlike; loaded tumbrils rolled along, drowning the glad song of “The Russians are gone,” that rose from every quarter.

Zarifa was moving away, but her attention became fixed by the conversation of two gentlemen who just then met beneath her window. “Do you see that man?” said one, pointing

to a third person who stood conspicuously in the midst of the street, "that is Martynowski."

This was a well-known leader of what we should call the mob, certain eccentricities had caused his name to be in every mouth, and Zarifa had often heard him mentioned. He was about to address the passers by, and she retook her seat to hear what he might say; the two gentlemen also paused for a like purpose.

"He will not speak till a better audience has gathered," said the one who had announced the demagogue. "I know the fellow, having made his acquaintance yesterday, no longer since, at the house of the Princess Praskoff."

"The Princess Praskoff! and you made his acquaintance? First you tell me that the man is a butcher, yet you meet him—you make his acquaintance, and that at the house of the Princess Praskoff. Explain, good friend."

"Nothing easier," said the gentleman thus adjured. "He is a butcher without doubt, yet was it where I have said that I met him. You

remember the Princess—she has beauty enough to make ten angels, or had some some five years since.”

“ I remember ; with faults enough to spoil all the ten.”

“ I consent to it ; she was betrothed, you know, to Count Felix Aldarecz, yet married the old Prince Praskoff—eighty, if a day—the fair Afrosine then counting sixteen summers. She is now a widow, and—for Aldarecz does not fly to her lure—*Politicienne*—the little darling must have amusement you know—Yesterday, the best she could devise was to receive the ‘deputies of the people’—for ‘people’ read on this occasion—the ‘refuse of the common gaols,’ and such pure patriots, worthily represented by the man before us, and such as he. To all of these did the pretty Afrosine present her fairest hand, ‘*en reine*’—but let us listen, he is about to speak.”

And speak he did, this Martynowski—for the street was now well filled—mounting, by way of rostrum, the box of a drosky, whence the reluc-

tant owner was ejected,  *nolens volens*, by the advocate of liberty !

“ You do not ask me whence I come, my brothers,” he commenced. “ You conclude that ’tis from labouring in your service, and you do well ; but I have taken a longer voyage than you think to-day in your behalf—I have just returned from Heaven !”

“ From Heaven ! Ah ! bravo, Marty ; and what didst see ?” asked a ready voice, anticipating the jest, ever welcome to a Polish crowd.

“ I saw our Polska’s angel brother, and he asked me how we fared.”

“ Better than ever,” said I, “ please you my Lord Angel. “ We have driven out the Russians, and, with the help of your high-born Glory-ship, we mean now to govern ourselves.”

“ ‘ Aye, my curse on those Muscoves ! and you’ve turned them fairly out ?’ said he.

“ ‘Tis true, indeed, your Worship,” said I. ‘ But who,’ he asked, ‘ have you got to be first man ?’ ’Tis your own Tanski, well-born Ex-

cellency, said I. 'Then,' said he, quietly turning to his footman, 'get me my nightcap, will you, lad? he'll take care of my little Polska for me, and 'tis time for my noon-day nap.'

"Thereupon I remembered the change in our fashions, and what a mistake I had made; so I called out as he turned away—

"Craving your pardon, most noble, he's given us up; 'tis Gorosicz we've got in his place.

"'Ah! then, no nap for me to-day,' said the angel, and he looked very cross, and called for his boots in a voice so loud that I tumbled down with fright all the way from heaven to earth; nay, I should have broken my neck but the footman came after and caught me flying; for, said he, "my master knows you're not one of a dozen,\* and his Polska would be badly off if she lost her Martynowski.' "

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\* One of a dozen. Dinzhenna—one of a dozen—is something common, or worthless: a Russian rather than Polish phrase; but used in both countries.

The plaudits following on the impudent Charlatan's speech were not so general as he had hoped for, and his brow lowered fiercely. More than one voice asked, had Poland a better man than Gorosicz? and the orator, mindful of his popularity, replied, "To be sure she has not; good enough for a saint is Gorosicz." He laid contemptuous emphasis on the word "good."

New remonstrance was arising, for the man he sneered at was greatly revered; but again the demagogue spoke, drowning the voices of all who dissented from himself.

"I must tell you of yesterday, brothers. Then, in your service, I visited the people's friend, the Princess Praskoff; so did my neighbour Sabolew (and he pointed to a decent looking man who had lately joined the crowd). We approached each in turn to salute the hand of our Polska's daughter. My neighbour went before me; he is the older and better man." A slight pause; but the "No!" he hoped for did not arrive, and he proceeded—



“ Besides, he is head of the craft of curriers ; I a simple brother only of the butchers’ company ; he, then, first saluted the hand of the Princess. No, I mistake, he saluted her glove, ’twas I who saluted her hand, removing the glove for that purpose.”

“ How is this, Pan Martynowski ?” said the Princess, “ your neighbour was content with the glove !” But she looked not so angry as you may some of you imagine ; nay, I think she smiled when I answered that my neighbour, dealing in leather, might hold the glove to be suitable ; but that I, her most devoted butcher, preferred to take the hand.”

A faint laugh followed this miserable attempt at a jest, and the orator next proceeded to give what he called authentic accounts of uprisings in the Bolognese, in the March of Ancona, and in Northern Galicia ; he talked of the troops that France was despatching to the aid of Poland ; and of RosenPahlen, beaten and driven back—which last was the true state of the case. He told of Russ

troops refusing to march on the Polish frontiers, of victories that might have been gained but for want of "good luck," perhaps—for he would not say "good will to the cause"—on the part of, "we need not say whom." Then followed accusations or insinuations against all of whom this respectable personage disapproved, with certain plaudits bestowed on his favourites, who, "if not prevented by the Russians professing to be Poles," whom he had before pointed out, would soon teach Diebitch—Zabalkanski as they call him—that it is one thing to earn glory and a name by going up a hill and then going down again—his traverse of the Balkan to wit—quite another to beat awakened Polska from her stand. Zabalkanski! the boiling Teakettle,\* had won that title easily; but Poles are not Turks, as he would presently be taught to his confusion. Amidst the acclamations called forth by his last

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\* General Diebitch, entitled "Zabalkanski," from his passing the Balkan, had also the soubriquet of "Teakettle," from his frequent ebullitions of temper.

remarks, the orator resigned his place, permitting the murmuring owner of the drosky to proceed on his way, himself departing to enlighten some other district, or to perform the tyrant in his own luckless household, as the case might be.

Feeling somewhat chilled, Zarifa now retired from the window, but not till her heart was much saddened by the discourse of the two gentlemen met beneath it. These spoke of counsels wanting unanimity,—purposes of the governing power displaying little wisdom, or if well conceived, enforced with little firmness, and met by the governed with imperfect obedience: leaders unfurnished with munitions of war, or in some cases selling their honour, for what has been well called its sinews; general officers resigning their commands, because a colonel, whose merit surpassed their own, had received an appointment above them; subalterns insubordinate towards their superiors and wrangling amongst themselves—such were the characteristics of an army of which Zarifa had fondly thought each individual a

patriot, striking for his country alone, and content to suffer, or even to perish, so her destinies might triumph. The speakers to whom she had listened seemed to be discoursing more in sorrow than in anger or disdain, as they enumerated these elements of destruction, which were but too surely working ruin to those with whom Romanowski was expending his honest efforts, his best energies, perhaps his life. Vainly did she recal the remarks mingled up with the lamentations of these speakers, to the effect that many, very many of all ranks were indeed purely devoted to their country; in vain Zarifa remembered the assertion of the indomitable bravery of all. They had also observed, that in a contest with Russia success could never be ensured by mere bravery; her own common sense taught her, that the remark was a just one, and their closing observation—"the struggle is altogether hopeless"—rang ominously in her ears.

## CHAPTER V.

Our forefathers loved the country for its freedom. We love it for its misfortunes.

Now the only Nation that did not bow before the new idol, Self-interest, was the Polish, nay the Poles have no name in their language by which to call that idol, or its votaries.

MICKIEVICZ.

Like the song of the fountain,  
Her mild accents fall ;  
Like the rose of the mountain  
Her cheek, but her spirit is sweeter than all.

BOWRING, from the Russian of

ZHUKOVSKY.

THE day of the battle of Praga dawned on the city, and Romanowski's corps was one of those contending for the very existence of the country :

its freedom the most sanguine now perceived to be lost past all hope. The heavy booming of the distant cannonade struck on Zarifa's aching sense, as 'twere the very voice of doom.

Henryk and Lukasz had been from the first in attendance on their master, the former had left Labronna charged with the fervid blessings of the Countess to her son, on the instant that Berkovicz had made known the Count's purpose of remaining in Warsaw. Lukasz too had once more deserted his safe refuge in the stables, and both these faithful followers were now in the field with their master.

"You sigh, Matula?"\* said poor Zarifa to the nurse, in tones more sadly plaintive than she was conscious of. "You sigh Matula! you are thinking of those dreadful cannon, oh, if they would only cease their horrid roar!"

"Yes, their voice is frightful," replied Ga-

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\* Matula—Mother. or rather *dear* mother—Polish term of endearment.

domska with anxious looks; then marking Zarifa's deadly paleness, she sought to make light of the fears that she yet so deeply shared : she told how rarely cannon balls hit aught beside a house, a tree, or some other great thing, for she saw that the cannon had taken full possession of the poor girl's thoughts and sagaciously abstained from a word that might recall to her any other of the moving chances a battle field is "heir to."

" We shall have Lukasz here or Henryk, do not fear it Panienska, they will soon come with intelligence from the field. The Count will remain in barracks perhaps, to see to the quartering of the troops; but in that case he will send word of his safety." Thus did Anna seek to relieve Zarifa's fears and to mask her own; but she too found it a fearful trial to sit thus, nervously listening in the vain hope of tidings, that after all perhaps might fail to bring the assurance sought for. Many a rumour came with each waggon load of dying and shattered soldiers; now that the Russians

were driven back, anon that the army was cut off from the city, and then that the troops known to be entering Warsaw, were not their own, but those of the enemy. Hour followed hour, neither Henryk nor Lukasz appearing, and each hour seeming longer, more dreary, less tolerable than the one preceding. Nikolaj too, always before the ready aid of Zarifa, he was now absent; for some time after the destruction of his master's house, the Russ boy had accepted Anna's permission to make her abode his home, constituting himself the servant of the Penienka: he absented himself daily for some hours; but his time was much at his own disposal, and no one thought of questioning him on that account. One morning, however, Nikolaj failed to appear at the usual hour, and when Gadomska entered his small chamber for the purpose of summoning him he was not to be found. A scrawl in the writing of Zahroun was left, wherein Nikolaj offered apologies for his absence, but without explaining the cause; this had evidently been written some time



before in preparation, as it seemed for some anticipated call on the Russian's service, and which had now been made.


It was too fully evident from this fact, that poor Nikolaj had again entered the bad employ of that intriguing Jew, and Zarifa grieved much for the evil results sure to follow to the orphan; but his absence had not at first been considered with reference to herself; now, however, it made her feel doubly helpless. Nikolaj would have sought information, and she had so often seen him effectually serve the cause he had undertaken, that she felt assured Nikolaj would have found it; but she was deprived of his aid, and this increased her sense of desolation.

True and fortunate it is, that "time and the hour wear out the longest day;" evening arrived, waggon loads of the wounded had been long pouring in, and the army was in full retreat across the Vistula—later still, assurance came that the greater part of the troops had recrossed the bridge of Praga, which still remained in

possession of the Poles. But it was also known that many were left on the field, whose fate would be the milder if they died before the morning, the light of which must inevitably consign them to a lot much more dreaded than death, that of being prisoners to the Russian.

Might not Kazimir be one of these? how intolerable was that thought! the perfect features of Zarifa turned livid beneath its influence, and were even ghastly in the eyes of her observant friend, whose own fear was scarcely less deadly; all this prepared the latter to hear favourably any proposal promising mitigation to a state of misery evidently too bitter to be borne, and she offered less strenuous opposition than might have been expected, when Zarifa declared her purpose of making inquiry for herself at the Caserne of the regiment.

"It is true," remarked Anna, "that we have waited very long, and no one seems coming to bring tidings;" she then proceeded carefully to wrap Zarifa's slight form in the warm fur



mantle proper to the season ; but remembering the wild licence of the time, she suddenly withdrew this, and strongly recommended the reluctant girl once more to assume that dress which had before assisted her through a purpose where her own would scarcely have stood her in stead.


Shuddering, as this counsel called to mind the fatal Listopada, and feeling little courage wherewith to grace the garb she was to borrow, Zarifa yet consented, and the rather, as a resolve which she had secretly taken might be thus the more readily accomplished.

Somewhat relieved by being in action, Zarifa was soon equipped, the good widow folding well around her the boy's cloak which was now to replace her own.

Anna then summoned to her presence an old servant of her late husband, whose age had found a shelter from her bounty. This man, an excellent guide where prudence rather than strength was demanded, she now bade to attend the Panicz (such Zarifa again appeared) to the

Caserne of the Volhynian Guard in the Ulica Krolewski, for there it was that the regiment of Kazimir had before his departure been quartered.

Once more then did Zarifa set forth on a perilous and most uncertain road. Heavy, very heavy, was the heart she carried with her. What was any other purpose she had sought to fulfil compared to her present momentous quest? What the anxiety of all put together to that she now felt? Was it not his life that must now be doubted of—that life so needful to the happiness of all she loved? Had she not been trembling for it from day to day through the last unhappy months, during which his corps had been constantly engaged—and now, might she not find him wounded—lifeless—the thought was too horrible; she hurried on fast, fast, as though each step were to save him a pang, her light limbs soon leaving the old Marzalek far behind. Recollecting the futility of that haste, she paused at length for her aged attendant, and together they gained the Caserne. Here, however, no intelligence awaited



them, or none to still the heart of the younger querist. The corps of the Count Romanowski had been in the action ; yes, certainly, and was believed to have suffered severely ; but that portion of the troops was quartered in a distant barrack. A mounted messenger was even then proceeding thither, and should enquire if the noble Count were there, or command the attendance of his servants, while the Panicz might be pleased to rest.

Returning thanks for this civility, Zarifa remained to await the messenger ; but his return served only to confirm her worst fears,—the Count's regiment had been all but cut to pieces. Some few troops had come in, but these reported that the noble Captain had been wounded early in the day, and it was now greatly feared that he had not been brought off the field. “ Was he at the Hospital Ujazdowski ? ” Marzalek enquired. This is the principal military hospital of Warsaw ; and Zarifa clung, as a last hope, to the thought that the form of him so sacredly dear to her

might indeed be among the mangled inmates of that melancholy building ; but no, even this poor consolation was denied. His few remaining comrades had sought him at the hospital, and he was not there. Heart-struck at all she heard, Zarifa mournfully left the barracks, her old attendant following ; but when, at the entrance of the Ulica Bednarska, she turned to the right, proceeding through it, instead of keeping the road homeward, old Marzalek paused ; he ventured to observe that he had been ordered only to conduct the Panicz to the Caserne of Volhynians.

“ You may return if you feel tired,” replied the despairing girl ; but her gentleness disarmed the old man’s opposition. He remarked that the Panicz doubtless knew better than he did, and bade him go on—he would follow.

They soon gained the Bridge, which, after some difficulty they succeeded in passing over ; and the Suburb of Praga lay before them. The purpose of the young gentleman he attended

had now become obvious to Marzalek, and, affected by his silent grief, he here drew to his side, exhorting him to go no further. It was true their dress did not distinguish them, and the gloom was a kind of curtain to their movements; but to fall into Russian hands would be death, or a slavery worse than death, while to find any one person, among the numbers sure to be lying on the field, was impossible.

Marzalek looked around him fearfully as he spoke, and unable to refute his declaration, the hapless girl stood for a moment, drooping her head in utter despair. Suddenly a short quick yelp caught her ear, and almost at the same moment a white hound, the known property of Kazimir, jumped caressingly about her.


Instantly a gleam of hope lightened the heart of Zarifa—her heaviest grief seemed removed; even old Marzalek, to whom the dog was not unknown, rejoiced at the sight, and greeted Grim, for so was it named, with tones of more assurance than he had lately used. Marzalek called the

dog and it jumped to the old man's hand, but instantly after ran off for a few paces, looking back as if expecting them to follow.

But Grim ran towards the city, and Zarifa, disappointed, stood still, the dog also paused as reproaching her, with short quick yelps; but when she moved towards him a few paces, he trotted on again.

"We may follow him, Panicz—he is right I dare believe," said old Marzalek; and Grim, after running briskly a few yards in the direction he had first taken, suddenly plunged into a narrow lane; issuing from this he turned again, leaving the city behind him this time, and moving in a direction parallel to the main street of the suburb. After some time the animal thus conducted them to open ground, and they soon perceived, by many a frightful token, that the site of the long day's struggle was before them.

The effect, on man, of danger braved and surmounted, is to make him insensible to its approach, and careless of its presence; on woman





its effect is different. Has she been exposed at one time to a heavy trial of her courage, this last is commonly weakened rather than strengthened by such trial. This may be partly because her life affords too few opportunities for making her sufficiently familiar with danger, but is not entirely to be so accounted for. A dangerous adventure once gone through, does not embolden or make a woman firmer to encounter the next; on the contrary, she recalls her past terrors with a shuddering pain that will sometimes entirely unfit her to meet those present, and resigns her whole soul to the influence of fear.

Something approaching to this was now experienced by Zarifa. When she had first sought to save Romanowski from arrest,—and again, when awaiting him in the Forest of Bielany,—it was a sense of shame rather than fear that she felt; now, her very soul shook within her in extremity of terror.

A fearful sound smote the sense of Zarifa as they entered on the blood-stained path before

them, and this wrung a scream from her lips which might have told Marzalek it was no boy that went quivering before him, had not his senses been dulled by age.

“Poor creatures! ’tis the dying horses groaning yonder,” he remarked, in reply rather to his own perception of the same sound, than to the cry uttered by Zarifa: “’tis a right dismal voice that; I know it well, and heard it often when I was out in the wars with Dembrowski. I never loved it, no, nor anything else in a battle field; but I had a brother who loved all, aye, as well as I did him, and he was all I had to love. Poor animals! again! you hear them, Panicz? just so were they groaning round us when my poor brother died with his dying horse. I heard enough then; I left them. What had I to fight for, when Severyn was gone? Nothing! And I well thought never to hear that sound again.”

The old man talked on to himself in low tones, till they entered on a portion of the ground so much encumbered by the sad wrecks of the strife, that

all his attention was required to make his way after the dog and the trembling girl he attended. At length Grim paused suddenly, and there, half hidden by his dead horse, lay the form of Romanowski. Zarifa's conviction of this truth was instantaneous. The light grey charger used by Kazimir she had often seen, and there it was, conspicuous through the gloom. The plumes of the military cap lying beside the horse were those worn by the Count. Yes, this must needs be him she sought, but the face of that extended form she dared not to look on. How could she endure to see its features fixed in death? Thus when Marzalek, who had bent at once over the prostrate soldier, declared him to breathe, she heard as though she heard him not, so past all hope appeared such happiness.

The dog meanwhile now laid his rough head close to the cheek of the Count, now ran barking at the dead horse as though conscious that its weight held his master down. "Help, Panicz!" said old Marzalek; and seizing the neck of the

charger he at once succeeded in removing it, the head alone having rested on the fallen officer, who had been sheltered, perhaps, rather than injured by the poor animal, which seemed at first sight to be crushing him.

Marzalek then attempted to move the Count, but instantly desisted. "Better get more help," he muttered to himself. "You will find enough at the bridge, Panicz," he then observed aloud: "Or stay; you will not know precisely what to require for his safe removal. I will go myself, if you will watch the noble Count." Thus saying, Marzalek departed for the bridge.

Something roused from the first stupor, Zarifa bent to receive from her own conviction the blessed assurance that Kazimir yet breathed. It was indeed true, she could not doubt it, and her thankfulness to heaven broke out in a short expression of deep gratitude. Her voice, sounding but for a moment, had yet reached the dulled and chained senses of Kazimir—a sort of murmur escaped his lips; faint as it was, a mere

breath, yet grateful to her who heard it as the music of the spheres.

Marzalek had already unclosed the gorget of Kazimir, and Zarifa, kneeling beside him, prepared to bathe his temples with an essence placed in her hand at parting by the considerate Anna. She had received this almost unconsciously at the time; but had held it with the closeness of retention with which the fingers nervously grasp whatever they have once touched when the feelings are strongly excited; nay, the little flask might have been even crushed in that unconscious pressure, but for the solidity of its form. It was safe, however; and Zarifa now unclosed it to bathe with its contents the temples of her charge; but applying her fingers to the brow of Kazimir for that purpose she drew them suddenly back in horror,—the crimson stain, visible even in that faint light, telling too plainly—too fatally, why! She had fancied that he shrunk, too, from her gentle touch; then she had hurt, had given pain to the sufferer! and, paralysed

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with dread, she remained for some moments gazing helplessly on the motionless figure lying mangled beneath her eyes. And must he remain thus extended on the cold damp ground ; could she do nothing to ameliorate his condition. Again Zarifa approached, and seating herself beside him, sought with careful hands to raise the poor wounded head from its pillow of earth to the more genial resting place her own delicate form supplied. Succeeding in this, she summoned all her courage to examine the injured brow, and her eyes being now accustomed to the gloom, she soon perceived the wound whence the life, on which her own hung trembling, seemed welling forth. Warm and soft was the silken scarf around her own fair throat, and carefully did she wind that bandage about the temples of her patient. This was scarcely effected when the eyes of Kazimir unclosed ; her own, anxiously bent over him, received their sudden glance ; a moment after and he spoke, faintly, yet with clearness, his first words her own name.

Yes, this was not the time for remembering cold conventional forms, he knew and felt that it was no other than herself. Should he seem insensible to the blessing? He did not, could not; and never were tones of deeper, holier tenderness than those that fell on the sweet girl's ear, her pure self not purer than the feelings that awakened them.

“Zarifa!—yes—’tis thyself! Nay, do not shrink from me, sweetest. There, thine arm around me again; so, so,” and the speaker closed his eyes, exhausted; yet content—nay, even blest.

Believing Kazimir to have fainted, Zarifa could not restrain a cry of distress as she bent to look anxiously down on the drooping form she held; but he was now sensible to what passed around him, and spoke, though faintly.

“I see and hear thee, blessing that thou art. Do not move—stay thus; look down upon me, my own bright angel. Have not those eyes been my very idols since first mine own beheld them?

Are they not even now giving me back the life that else—— Zarifa! I could not die with thy dear eyes thus—is not to have thee near me a sure return to life? Have not I loved thee long—long, and, oh! how dearly well. I have not told thee this; but, dearest, hast thou not seen that my very soul adored thee? Speak—one word—one only word, my life.”

The rapid and eager whisperings of the speaker ceased; but the voice he waited for came not forth—how should it, choked as it was by the overpowering effect of hearing him thus eloquent, whom but a few moments before she had believed to be lying in the silence of death.

Again Kazimir spoke. “Thou art wounded by my words perchance, offended it may be, Zarifa; yet wherefore so?”

His tones deepening in tenderness at each word, Kazimir sought to lift his hand to that of Zarifa, and to gain from its yielded possession the reply her lips refused; but, alas, the effort recalled a forgotten ill, his sword-arm had been



shattered the moment before he received the blow that had laid him lifeless, and the deadly pain this movement caused, wrung forth an expression of suffering that soon brought answering sounds from the lips before so silent.

“He is fearfully hurt,” said the heartsick girl, in tones how piteously complaining it were impossible to tell. “Fearfully hurt, and I, unfeeling that I am, I had forgotten it, while he spoke. When will they come with help—what can I do for him? Must he die? Oh, he is dead! Kazimir! Kazimir!” All was still—sound nor motion replied to the sorrowful plaints of Zarifa. The exhausted soldier had only fainted, but she believed him dead—utter anguish seized her; the overtasked spirit sank beneath it, and tears that were drops of agony leaped boiling from her eyes. She did not faint; better for her that she had done so, but no moment of that dismal hour was lost: neither did she rave in her misery; pious of heart and truly humble, her gentle spirit rose instead to the only efficient

source of aid. Seated on that crimson battle-field, and beneath that frowning winter sky, she clasped her hands in supplication—so implores the child its listening parent. Eyes of super-human sorrow looked up to the face of heaven, low broken sounds rose from her lips, and the prayer then sent up was one of those which could not fail to reach the ear of mercy, if such ever went from the creature to his God.

Again some moments passed in silence, but life and motion were once more perceptible in the prostrate form of Romanowski, and hope and thankfulness took place in her bosom of that short despair. A moment more, and Kazimir spoke again.

“I am better, most beloved,” said the Count, recovering; “it was but the sudden motion, though the pain was sharp for the moment.” Kazimir did not now seek to draw from Zarifa words that, however dear to him, might give her pain to utter; but told instead, in low soft tones, how long and fondly well he had loved

her; how he had struggled to keep back the avowal, often rushing to his lips, and which had now escaped them he feared to her displeasure. Was he, indeed, so unhappy? Had his bold words indeed offended? Would she not forgive that unavoidable evidence of feeling, too powerful to be restrained?

Something like words now issued from Zarifa's lips, but indistinct and faint, the tone, not the import, reached the listener. There was, however, nothing repulsive in that tone, and Kazimir was proceeding further to speak of his hopes or fears, but the faintness of his voice alarmed his hearer, who had mustered words to pray that he would spare his strength, when Marzalek returned, bringing from the nearest Casern a litter and several bearers, all eager to aid an officer known to each, and by most of them greatly beloved.

The distance to the bridge was considerable, but arrived there, a commodious carriage was found prepared for conveying the wounded Count to the city. Carefully was he lifted into the

vehicle by his bearers, Zarifa supporting him on the one side, while Marzalek, also mounting, placed himself on the other—exhorting, very needlessly, the young Panicz to lend his best heed to the business in hand. Of this old Marzalek had at once assumed the supreme direction, doubtless holding it of too grave a nature to be entrusted to a boy, however interested or affectionate. Thus it was he who, when they reached the top of the *Rechnarska-street*, desired the conductors to pause while he considered of the direction to be taken.

"The Count's quarters," he observed, speaking less to his companions than himself, "the Count's quarters are beyond the *Nowy Swiat*, past the *Ujazdowski*; nay, almost to the *Mokotowska Rigatka*." "'Tis too far," decided Marzalek; "turn towards the *Bielanska*, brothers; my mistress, the *Panna Gadomska*, was nurse to the well-born Count long ago, she can nurse him now, nobody better. To be sure, she has been weakly of late; but this is no common case, and

will rouse her—besides there's the Panienka, she'll take care of them both. Go on, brothers, but very softly;" and this settled, Marzalek again bestowed his best attention on the patient, reminding the Panicz, his helpmate, that it was needful he should keep steadily supporting him on his side.

In this manner was Kazimir borne to the shelter and aid so much needed; nor did Anna's exertions in behalf of her nursling discredit the predictions of Marzalek. Under her judicious direction the sufferer was soon prepared for his medical attendants, who entered the house together with him, having been summoned by one of the many who offered service, once the state of the officer was known, and who had reverently followed the carriage bearing him to his place of shelter. The hurts of Count Romanowski being examined, were found to be many and serious. The sword arm more particularly, struck just beneath the shoulder, presented an appearance highly alarming. One of the practitioners, a

regimental surgeon, declared that instant amputation must ensue ; but the second felt some hope of averting this terrible necessity. It was then agreed to call in the help of a third, eminent in surgical cases, and to this gentleman, Anna Gadomska sent an urgent summons, she then bore a report to Zarifa, who was anxiously awaiting it in her distant chamber.

The fate of the precious limb undecided, Anna did not allude to its danger, declaring that the Count's injuries were not so grave as they had feared. There was a wound on the right side ; but this, received early in the day, and bound hastily up at the instant, was considered to be of but little consequence : a second was in the head. Zarifa shuddered at the mention ; but Anna hastened to add that, though severe, it had touched no vital part, and was viewed by the surgeons without disquiet. Great cause for thankfulness was here, the nurse declared, and Zarifa's acknowledgments were not wanting. Anna further reported that the Lord Count had

been assured of the safety of his servants. Lukasz, in particular, whom he had seen fall as he believed dead, had been merely stunned, and, though much trampled and bruised, was safe in hospital with Henryk. The latter was far more seriously hurt, but he also was expected to recover. Tranquillized on this head, we will now leave the Count awaiting his medical referee, and seek to ascertain the whereabouts of our once familiar, but of late neglected friend, Hamet, the Boatman.

## CHAPTER VI.

As the water-drop moves tremulous on the Lotus-leaf, thus is human life—inexpressibly uncertain. Place not thy affections too strongly on child or friend—a son or a kinsman ; be even-minded through all events, if thou desirest speedily to obtain the nature of Vishnû.

FROM THE RAMAYUNA.

WE return, then, to our old haunt of Stamboul—she, the fair city, changed since we last beheld her, only by the fires that come, Scavenger-like, sweeping off huge stacks of her wooden habitations ; if we except certain passing visits of Plague, in the train of which these fires usually follow, as it were, to purify with their besoms of flame the close and poison-tainted precincts they per-



vade. Let us seek our old Pereote quarters. Here, in the Frank burial ground, we see two friends—clearly friends, from the cordiality with which each accosts the other, yet so differing in appearance as to make it evident that their intimacy is but of late commencement. He who first enters the Cemetery wears the Frankish costume. He is an Englishman, it may be of twenty-five years old, or something less ; for his noble air, tall stature, and well-formed limbs, together with the extreme darkness of his complexion and deep seriousness of his eyes, are all calculated to give an appearance of age superior to that he may rightly claim, as in truth is the case—St. Maur De Los Morenos, the person in question, having attained at this period, the year of our Lord 1830, but to the twenty-second summer of his life. The Englishman had loitered for some time alone in this resort of the Frangi great ones ; he was then joined by an Osmanli, whose appearance presented as favourable a specimen of what an Effendi-Turk may be, as did that of the Ingliz we have just

described, of his own distinguished nation. Tall and finely formed, the new arrival may have numbered more than double the years of his companion ; but his handsome turban was well placed over an unwrinkled brow, and eyes of undiminished brightness. The wide trowsers worn by this personage were of a deep purple silk, contrasting well with the yellow boot, that marked him as one of the more favoured classes, while the rich material of his flowing caftan, the costly Cashmere that formed his girdle, with the highly ornamented handjar or dagger placed therein, told of wealth as well as distinction.

The Moslem approached his friend with dignified step ; but the Ingliz darted to meet him with the more impetuous movement common to his age and nation. After cordial salutations, these two walked for some time through the now thinly tenanted Cemetery ; at length, seating themselves in the shade of a large Terebinth, they continued their conversation, which was in French.

“ Yes, my young friend,” said the elder

speaker, continuing apparently some relation before commenced, "my prosperity, as it came with your lamented brother, so did it depart when all trace of him was lost, by the disappearance of his angel children. I became restless as the most uneasy of thy Frankish brethren ; but mine was the restlessness of suffering."

"Not of levity, you would say, Hamet Effendi," observed the English youth, laughing, but regarding his companion at the same time with looks of affectionate interest.

"Thou hast said it for me," replied his friend, smiling faintly, but with cordial expression. He then continued his narration—"The return of the Priest and of Carlos, which I had before scarcely desired, lest they should deprive me of the babes, I now hoped for eagerly, though scarcely knowing why—for they could not restore my lost treasures ; but neither of them ever came, as you know they could not. Then I sought with eagerness the society of whatever was connected, even remotely, with the Frankish nations,

in a sort of undefined hope that some intelligence might be hereby gained. When the death of old Uldeh removed my last remaining stimulus to exertion, I neglected altogether the pursuit of my business, and soon sank into a state of abject poverty, more hopeless than that from which your lost brother had raised me."

"You call my brother your benefactor, Effendim," remarked the Englishman; "but how greatly rather was he indebted to yourself. His children, too, should we discover them, as my hope is firm that we shall, will they not owe to yourself all the duties of a child to a parent? They clearly will. I, too, and my mother, we are all your debtors, Hamet Effendi. We may not hope to repay you; but if my long-sought brother, or his children, be restored to us, it will be for their whole lives to evince the sense they will not fail to have of the true position you hold with regard to our whole family."

Hamet did not admit the inference, but we pass over the friendly contention that ensued,

and suffer the Osmanli to continue his narrative:—

“I need scarcely say that my companions of this time were not of singular excellence as to character. I found, as says the Sage, that ‘he who follows an owl shall be led to ruined places,’ and at length attached myself to the service of one whom I had known as employing the Jew Zahroun. I believed this man to be a mastic smuggler, and he was so; but, besides that, he was a spy for some foreign government. I cared little for the matter then, however, and drew back none the more on that account. This man reposed in me after a time a degree of confidence, to gain which I had not been solicitous, caring for nothing, indeed, if it were not to listen to such Frank renegades as my new trade brought me into contact with. One night, in pursuance of my master’s orders, I had sought the Plains of Death at Iskiudar, for the purpose of transmitting to a comrade some message, only to be given verbally. I was somewhat late, and my fellow-spy

stood awaiting me by the tomb of the Sultan Achmet's horse, the position of which is known to you. Concluding my comrade impatient of my delay, which had been a long one, I lost no time in salutations, but, rushing at once into the midst of my errand, repeated to him the directions of our master. The man I addressed was a renegade of the Vilaeti Franzoz,\* and I discoursed with him in such French as I possessed, and which I had been at pains to acquire; not because I had listened obediently to that precept of the perspicuous book which says, 'Seek knowledge, were it even to the Land of Tchin.'† No, I knew nothing of that, and even thought, as do many of my countrymen, that such acquirements were forbidden, and consequently impious; yet I learnt this language as I best might, because I perceived that the Frank tribes of all nations knew it. I was stumbling on then, talking this

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\* French country.

† Land of Tchin—China—so called by the Turks.

unaccustomed tongue, when a large heap caught my attention, as it lay, half exposed in the moonlight, half hidden in the shadow of the tomb. Approaching this, I stirred it with my foot. The outer covering fell off; what was beneath?—the severed head, the lifeless trunk, of the very man I supposed myself directing! Who then stood beside me? I turned to look with a startled feeling that, but for my then habitual apathy, would have been mortal terror; and there, moved into the bright clear light, stood a form that, once seen, can never be forgotten. He had thrown off the wide Barbary cloak of my comrade—the Tartar cap was raised, giving to view the stern brow, the deep awful eyes, the pale cheek, the severe mouth, and, terminating all, the death-black beard of the Padishah's self. Sultan Mahmoud in person stood before me! I was mute in the presence of the Sovereign, and stood expecting my doom. He commanded me to proceed with the directions I had commenced, and to declare the name of him from whom they

emanated. My refusal to do so was not withheld ; and if you call this firmness, you must remember that it was evinced by one who cared nothing for the breath he drew, to which peculiarity it was perchance to be attributed. It is one thing to lay down a life dragged on with pain, quite another to sacrifice one happy and valued—of that last I had very possibly been incapable. But, not to delay, the Padishah deigned to combat my resolve for some time. Hethen bade me kneel; and as you know that the Turkish neck is ever bare, as if it were dutifully awaiting the scimitar that may fall at any moment, so no further ceremony was needful. The Sacred Arm rose on high—the air sang— as saluting his keen blade, that rushed like lightning through it ; and when a momentary sensation of cold was felt on my neck, I began to calculate that my head would be surely soon rolling on the earth, which, however, I still saw lying clearly before me. But that expectation speedily vanished ; and but from respect to the Presence, I had doubtless raised



my hands to feel if the neck were, as I soon suspected, yet unscathed by touch of steel. As matters stood, my awe of the Sultan kept me motionless, and I stirred not till his deep voice commanded me to rise. The sacred words were few but gracious. They bade me know how needless information, such as I could give, must ever be to the all-knowing Padishah ; yet, how certainly my supplying it had subjected me to the fate of my comrade, who having better cause for loving life than I had found, shunned not to betray his master, at that moment a headless trunk like himself—such is the swift justice of our Sovereign.

“The Golden Lips, as Iraunee poets say, deigned to ask, moreover, if I could be equally faithful in a better cause ; and, a reverent reply duly given, they further commanded that I should keep myself from the sight of the Mabeindzies,\* then

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\* Mabeindzy—literally, “companion” to the Sultan ; an officer in attendance on the Monarch when it pleases him to pass through the city in disguise.

about to enter the Presence, lest these, being witness to my present evil case, should mar my future good by their reproaches. This last mark of the Sublime consideration, bound me heart and soul, as from that moment I have been, to my Princely Master, and I withdrew from his sight with restored energies, and a deep determination to devote the same to his service. Pausing at safe distance, I beheld the Sultan joined by the Mabeindzies in attendance, and then returned to my squalid home a new man. I had again something to love—to care for. How should it be otherwise, when the First of Mankind had deigned to cast eyes of care on the least of all men, and to take thought for the future welfare of such as I?

“At an hour marked by the Padishah, I failed not to seek the Imperial gate, and was received into the corps of Bostandgis; thence, by the regular steps, I rose to be for some time the Chief of that body, Bostandgi Bashi, and thus on

to the office which, glory to the Sultan's munificence, I now hold.

"What more can I say? These are my obligations to my Sovereign; he now adds to them his gracious permission for my departure in search of those for whom my heart hath never ceased to yearn, and on whose destiny this Murâd Reis of yours seems to have thrown a light that I had long ceased to hope for."

"Then I may at once demand my Teshkery, Hamet Effendi, and you will be prepared to leave Stamboul?" asked the Ingliz.

"How wonderful is Allah! No! seek no Teshkery, Samor Effendi (this was the nearest approach Hamet could make to the Englishman's name, St. Maur). Teshkery\* nor Boojoodery will serve my purpose now, great man that I

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\* The Teskery is a passport merely permitting the holder to pass unhurt; the Boojoodery is of higher authority, compels horses, &c.; but the Firmân receives the Sultan's signature, and confers especial privileges.

am—time was, that I had found the Sticks more easy to come by than either ; but now, Inshallah ! 'tis the Padishah's Firmân I must have, and the same is ready for you, my friend. We will make no delay ; but as Allah is One, I believe not wholly the Reis\* of that Odessan Ghemlik.† Salome was a good woman, Jewess though she were. I had done her no harm, but rather good—why should she steal from me all I had ? He is a liar, that Murâd Reis ; he but laughs at our beards.”

“ I am unwilling to think that, Hamet Efendi. Why should he tell me what could no way advantage him if it were not true ? You know he did but name the Jewess as one whose fortitude he had thought remarkable, and allusion to which came in aptly on the occasion I have described to you. He knew not my interest in this woman—nay, I knew it not myself at that time ; nor until you mentioned such a

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\* Reis, the Captain of a † Ghemlik, or merchant ship.

woman as attending my brother's wife ; when the name, together with the mention of her beautiful children, before described to me by the Reis, struck me as remarkable."

"Allah ! Allah ! Yes, the children ! There it is, very surely ; she had not one of her own to take with her. Was she not heart-broken for that very cause ?" remarked Hamet, half to himself, and falling into deep thoughtfulness. His companion did not interrupt him, and we will take this opportunity to explain the cause of the latter's appearance.

St. Maur de los Morenos was the son of Don Diego and of his English wife, the Lady Anna, born after the departure of Don Xavier from the paternal roof. Thus he never knew his elder brother, but had witnessed in childhood the regrets of his parents for the loss of that brother, and had grown up to consider this event as the heaviest misfortune of his family. At an early age he lost his father, but the Lady Anna de los Morenos, a truly estimable woman, had culti-

vated the young St. Maur's love for his unknown brother, and on his leaving college had encouraged him to make those enquiries in person which had previously been made in every other way, but always in vain. First, proceeding to the Spanish capital St. Maur here discovered, after some difficulty, that the revenues of Don Xavier's Spanish possessions had been paid by his Bankers to the Superior of a provincial Monastery, up to the date 1812, but since that time these had not been demanded, and were accumulating, a rich possession, awaiting the acceptance of those who should prove a right to it. To the Monastery thus pointed out went St. Maur; but he received no further information, the Superior, Father Jose, had always permitted the funds of the Hidalgo Don Xavier to remain with his Bankers till claimed by himself. That Noble had beforetime suffered them to accumulate largely he declared, though certainly not as now—perhaps the Hidalgo had made a vow of poverty—perhaps was dead. Father Jose was

very old, he manifestly objected to be disturbed with questions, and St. Maur found little service in pressing them. Retiring much disappointed, the young Englishman was accosted by a lay brother in attendance, whose memory supplied a certain fact that might be made a clue. The Prior of a Convent some leagues distant had visited Father Jose ; it might be two years since. This Prior, the good lay-brother had heard lamenting the case of an excellent priest, who had died years before at his Priory, desiring much before his death to see Father Jose ; and speaking of a mission from that very Hidalgo of whom the noble Englishman seemed now to desire information.

Where was this Priory ? Being properly directed, there too did St. Maur enquire, and was informed that an ancient brother of the house, a certain Father Luis, having accompanied a noble lady to the distant East, had returned in the year 1812, but only to die. He had suffered shipwreck, himself and one mariner escaping

alone of all the good ship held, and Father Luis, an old man, had sunk beneath the effects of the hardships he had undergone, almost immediately on reaching his early home. He had yet made known the fact of Don Xavier's residence in Constantinople, of his marriage, and of the birth of a son, to that Hidalgo; he spoke too, with much regret, of a faithful servant, Carlos, drowned in the wrecked ship—all which had been told to the Father Jose; but he was old, and might have forgotten it. Thus guided, St. Maur had sought the Turkish capital. Crossing from Smyrna to Chesmeh in a fruit-vessel, he had encountered a roughish breeze, which the Reis declared a storm; and proceeding then to the history of other tempests, he had described the remarkable courage of a Jewess, his passenger, on a certain time when a wild storm had assailed him in the Kara Degniz—called by Frangis the Black Sea. This woman's unusual name of Salome had occurred to the young Englishman when he heard it from Hamet, together with his



brother's story ; and on comparing notes, it seemed highly probable that the Salome of Mûrad Reis and the attendant of his brother's wife was one and the same person.

To that now distinguished person, Hamet Effendi, St. Maur had letters from Smyrna, as to one well-affected towards the Franks, though not evincing his preference by an imitation of their absurdities, still less of their vices, as many of his countrymen have lately done. No ! the friend and protector of Franks, but not the ape of Frangi manners, was Hamet Effendi. The reception accorded by him to St. Maur de Los Morenos, was most especially cordial. The name, the nation, were both calls on his attention ; but when made aware of St. Maur's relationship to his late friend—above all, when acquainted with his purpose in visiting Stamboul—the interests of the Englishman were at once those of Hamet, and thenceforward the two were friends in the strictest sense of the term.

“I can think of but one explanation, my

son," remarked Hamet, arousing himself from his thoughtful position. "Did the dog Jew compel his wife to this deed?"

"It is more than probable, since you declare her unlikely, of herself, to have perpetrated such wickedness," replied St. Maur; "but to what purpose should he do so?"

The dignified Effendi did not, as might Hamet Isplatahdgi have done, consign to infamy, sisters, mothers, and aunts of each living Jew; he did but swear that he trampled on the graves of all that wretched Hebrew's kindred, and pray that Allah might confound the souls of all.

Not greatly edified by this charitable effusion, St. Maur again enquired with much surprise—"but why should he do this? or, if his wife were the upright woman you say, how could he compel her to such a sin against her will?"

"As to why the theft was committed; the unsainted wretch might have done it to sell the babes," Hamet declared, with grinding teeth. It was a thought that had just occurred to him,

and he went on speaking with heightened colour. "For the compelling his wife to aid the sin—you Ingliz believe in no magic, neither do I; but you grant that Eblis helps his own, and what is more his than the villanous Jew?—whatsoever is evil, that hath the Jew special power to perform, aye, from his very spawning (be the hour accursed) to his last breath on the gibbet (let the day come!)—the dog's death, the end of the Kopek!\*—let it reach him swiftly, if it have not yet found him! Yes, you Ingliz do well that you suffer not their poisonous blood to sully your bright scimitars, but hang them as we do the rabid dog. It is he who has worked this villany—why did I not suspect it before? but I ever thought the righteous Allah's self had taken the babes—they were fitter for heaven than earth!"

Our readers know that their old acquaintance Hamet did more than justice to the Jewess. It is true that she was not capable of the premeditated wrong he might have supposed her guilt to be, had

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\* Kopek is Turkish for dog—outcast—base wretch.

he been made aware of it ; but she had yielded, as we have seen, to a sudden temptation. To this, however, Hamet knew not that she had been subjected, and his opinion was based on the knowledge he had formerly had of the poor Salome's general excellence.

Preparing to leave the Cemetery, St. Maur's attention was strongly arrested by the apparition of a man, decently clothed, but rather tottering than walking along the broad path, and presenting an air of debility for which even his evidently advanced age was insufficient to account. This figure arrested its painful progress at sight of the Effendi Turk, and, supported by a neighbouring monument, stood gazing with bewildered look, but finished by saluting the Osmanli respectfully, when a sufficient pause had enabled him to become assured of the latter's identity.

"Salâm, Mustafa," said Hamet, in reply to the stupid mumble of the other.

"He seems fearfully old, that poor man," observed St. Maur, "and ill, is he not, Effendim?"




“Mashallah! no—he is not ill; nor yet so old as he seems, though certainly not a young man. That sallow face, those vacant eyes and trembling limbs, denote the Teriaki—one of those unhappy creatures given up to the poison of opium-eating, a practice that, by Allah’s blessing, is daily declining amongst us; but poor Mustafa is even now beginning his career in this dangerous path, and, being old, a very few months will see him in the madhouse, which never fails finally to receive the confirmed Teriaki.”

“Is that the Mustafa who was your boatman in my brother’s time? But he seemed scarcely to know you.”

“Your memory is good, Samor Effendi. That is the same Mustafa. Your last remark is also just; he did not well know me, thanks to that poisonous drug. Yet was I talking with him not two hours before meeting yourself, and pass few days without seeing him. He is in some sort under my protection. I owe him some

amends for certain tricks put on him long ago, and seek to pay it. You are to know that he was brought before the tribunals shortly after my own promotion to the office of Bostandgi Bashi, charged with a crime never unpunished in my country—that of violating the repose of the dead. Certain Jews declared him to have extracted the teeth of some unblest tenant of their burial grounds, and I chanced to enter the Court while my late fellow-labourer stood in jeopardy. I had lost sight of this man from the time of old Uldeh's death and my own abandonment of honest labour; but I knew him instantly, knew too that my own foolish words had caused his present criminality (some day you shall hear how, added the Moslem, smiling). Thus I took pains to spare him the penalty he had incurred, and succeeded. I felt it incumbent on me also to place my old comrade above the temptation to future error that poverty might present, and have since kept him in view; but there is nothing can save him from the certain



death which his present habit is sure to entail, and that very shortly."

"First inducing madness, you say, Effendi?" enquired St. Maur. Hamet assented, and conversing on this subject the friends left the Cemetery.

## CHAPTER VII.

Those rich lands at this present remain waste, overgrown with briars, receptacles of thieves and misdoers ; large territories are dispeopled, goodly cities made desolate ; sumptuous buildings are become ruins, glorious temples subverted or turned to impiety ; no light of learning permitted ; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security, save to an abject mind or unlooked on poverty.

ARCHBISHOP SANDYS.

ABANDONING his fair home on the radiant Bosphorus, shortly after the interview described in the last chapter, Hamet prepared to cross the desolate district not unhappily painted by the old Archbishop. He had resolved to follow the clue supplied by the Odessan Reis, and this



seemed likely to lead him even to the dominions of the Snowy Sultan—so is the Russian Autocrat called by the Turks, who borrow the phrase perhaps from his own subjects, by whom also it is familiarly used.

In the reception room of an eminent Varneote merchant it is, that we next meet the now important personage Hamet Effendi; among guests highly honoured, himself, the most distinguished. He has just declined the salted caviare, the anisovka, and many another provocative, pressed on his attention by his very obsequious host: the latter, a Russian of vast rotundity, failing not to prove his own full appreciation of the offered viands, by an absorption of no mean quantity, as what he calls a “reminder,” of the more solemn duty of dinner, soon to be entered on.

“You Inglizi have not this custom,” remarked the Osmanli to his companion St. Maur; “you do not rouse the animal with these needless pains,” and his fine features took an expres-

sion of disgust as he marked the numerous guests thronging around a table well loaded, from whose varied temptations each culled with care the stimulant that, as experience had taught, was best fitted to prepare him for the serious labours of the dining hall.

“ We do not use these preparatives assuredly,” replied St. Maur; “ but we dine well, and it should be owned, perhaps, that we——”

“ You are not Muscoves, you Inglizi—that may be said of you,” said Hamet—not interrupting the speaker, a Turk would be shocked at such rudeness—but shortening somewhat the pause which politeness demands from the well-bred Oriental, before he may correctly resume his part in the properly managed dialogue, and not caring to perceive that St. Maur had rather hesitated in the choice of a phrase, then concluded his remark.

“ You are not Muscoves,” he repeated, adding “ thanks to Allah !” when, on the following day, having escaped from the ponderous civilities of

Varna and her merchants, the friends had turned their faces "towards the setting sun."

Neither of the travellers was free from misgivings as to the probable result of the journey, for how long a time had elapsed since that when Murâd Reis declared the Jewish family to have left Odessa for the Vistula! That family, the sailor had described so exactly, when finally examined by Hamet, that the latter could no longer doubt the identity of the Hebrews with Zahroun and Salome, nor that of the infants with his lost Vasif and Zarifa; but he trembled to think of what treasures these children might now have become: the boy was a Jew, or possibly sold to slavery. Hamet's notions as to Frank customs were not altogether clear, and his anxiety for those he sought, tended further to confuse them; thus he could not divest himself of fear lest he should find his beautiful Zarifa in the Harem of some western Bey or Shahzadeh.\* Hamet's de-

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\* Bey-Zadeh—Shah-Zadeh, son of a Prince or King.

licacy forbad him to speak at length to St. Maur, on the possibly abject state of his young relatives, or he might have been somewhat set at rest on these questions; although the Englishman also had his own fears and disquietudes on the same subject.

Sunk in ignorance, perhaps in vice, so did he dread to find the children of his brother; unfitted for the place that belonged to them of right, and unlikely to use the large possessions now centering in these orphans, or support the rank in which it was his object to reinstate them, in a manner likely to redound to their own advantage or that of others.

Thoughts of this kind much occupied the travellers on the day of their quitting Varna, but when, sending back the fine animals they had ridden thence, they became tenants of the waggon-like carriage common to those districts, every other care was superseded for the moment, by the paramount obligation of guarding their bones from being dislocated.

Taking their full share of all "the ill" that travellers are "heir to," the friends yet kept up their hearts as best they might, St. Maur laughing and scolding by turns, all the labour of arranging their progress having devolved upon himself; the Osmanli being utterly absorbed in astonishment, at the new and strange position in which he was placed.

Little occurred to deserve notice between Varna and Bucharest, if we except an outcry raised by an Armenian against a Jew tailor, in a small village mid-way between the two—the former had, it seemed, entrusted the shaping of his son's wedding garment to the Hebrew, but this last had kept back the material sent to him, returning in its stead, as the aggrieved Ermeni loudly averred, "a Caftan, not worth a datestone."

Their vociferations ceased on the appearance of the Osmanli Effendi, but recommenced, though in tones of most deferential respect towards the new comer, when the latter had consented to judge between them, at the prayer of the

surrounding Turks, who desired that their village should be at peace.

“As your Highness lives, he is a liar—that swine-eating Ermeni,” declared the Jew, careful to mark a feature in his adversary’s character, abhorrent, equally to Mussulman and Israelite. “I take Moussa\* Kalim Allah to witness it.” Then, gathering boldness from the suavity of his hearer’s look, he proceeded to abuse the Ermeni, as one who, believing in Issa, would believe in nothing else, and on whom his words had made no impression, though attested by the name of Ibrahim-Carim-Allah,† revered alike of Jew and Turk.

“I believe in Issa, retorted the Ermeni—yes, as my fathers taught me, but of him also does Al Kitab‡ make honourable mention : and was it not he who put forth the Sunset Prayer used by

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\* Moussa-Kalim, Allah, Moses, the Publisher of God’s will.

† Ibrahim-Carim, Allah, Abraham the Friend of God, both so called in the Koran.

‡ Al Kitab, the Book ; the Koran is so called by way of respectful distinction.

the Moslemah?" enquired the Christian, meeting as he best might the artful attempt of the Jew to enlist in his own service such tenets as he held in common with their Judge.

"Let the Infidels keep to the matter they quarrel for," said a Turk standing by, disliking this approximation by misbelievers, to things too holy for their touch, yet prevented by his profound ignorance from making any other remark.

"You speak of Moussa, of Ibrahim, of Issa," remarked the Judge, and you believe rightly that we revere them all. It is yourselves who are disobedient to those Prophets (may they have peace)—when ye refuse the homage they commanded; to the best of Messengers, whom they were sent but to precede, to the Prophet of Prophets (to whose Shadow be Glory). Speak the truth as to your affair, and talk of nothing beside."

"Effendim! I swear by your beard," cried the Jew, that he has the cloth he sent me. "And I swear," retorted his opponent, "that the material of this garment is not that I gave the

Jew—This,” and eyeing the ill looking Caftan with huge disdain, he held it aloft in the eyes of all. “This! the delicate cloth from the Françoz Loom, of colour, soft bright fawn, like the locks of the Morning Hour! this!” and he angrily shook the dingy rag, which did certainly not merit so florid a eulogy as he had uttered.

“Cloth of France, and colour of a sunbeam! what hadst thou to do with these?” inquired Hamet with much severity.

The Ermeni hung his head abashed, and his enemy shouted aloud in triumph. “What indeed, Oh noble and wise Sultanûm,” he exclaimed, after eyeing his adversary with malicious glee; ’twas better fitted for your Highness; the Sultan’s self would ask no better!” but the last words were cut midway, the Jew perceived that he was admitting the truth in his indiscreet joy, and suddenly stopping with jaws agape, he met for an instant the assembled eyes, all reproaching him for his avowed turpitude; then, bending his own to the earth, he stood in the silence of utter confusion. A



pause of some moments ensued, moments of dismal length to the Hebrew, if his pale face and perspiring brow told truth ; at length the Effendi spake.

“Thine own lips have convicted thee, thou son of all evil ; pay to the wronged Armenian four-fold the value of his property ! that done prepare thy feet—the village can doubtless find furoshes to lay on the fifty strokes I judge thee.”

The Court now broke up, the Effendi withdrew, that is to say from the Porch, which had formed his Hall of Justice, the young Englishman adding his tribute of admiration to that of the Turks, who, proud of their countryman’s sagacity, evinced their satisfaction after the accustomed manner.

“How wonderful is Allah ! What hath God done ! Let us trust in Allah ! As Allah is great, this is a man ! Praise be to Allah !” thus, through every possible variety of mode in which the same thought may be uttered, ran the comments of the by-standers.

On the following morning, when our travellers were departing on their way, their progress was impeded by a crowd surrounding a house at the end of the village ; but on seeing who approached all were preparing to make way,

“ Ask the Effendi to decide ! ” exclaimed one.

“ Hold, thou fool ! ” retorted the man standing next him ; “ wouldst thou have thy brother taste the sticks ? ”

“ Let us stop,” said St. Maur, whose curiosity demanded but little to awaken it, and at his word their attendants dispersed the people, giving to view the unlucky Hebrew of the day before, seated helplessly by the door of his house, his beaten feet involved in many a rag.

At his side stood a Turk, just then in the act of lifting the Calpack\* of the Jew from his head and replacing it by an old kettle, which he pro-

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\* Calpack, head-dress distinguishing the Rayah from the Ottoman subject of the Porte.

ceeded to beat down with a piece of iron that he held in his hand.

Seeing his Judge, the Jew looked sullenly down for a moment ; but as if remembering that he who did justice yesterday may do it to-day also, he raised his eyes the moment after and spoke in tones of supplication.

His prayer was to the effect that the Sublime Effendi would deliver him from Kirnick Saradgi,† who would have him—miserable tailor that he was—to sew the piece of iron he held, on the kettle then decorating his Jewish head, heedless of all the representations he could make, as to the impossibility of the job proposed to him.

“ Why sits he in the seat of the tailor ? ” enquired Kirnick Saradgi, not unaffected as it should seem by a stronger beverage than his creed allows. “ Why does he take up a better man’s place, if he do not the work we bring him ? ”

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\* Kirnick Saradgi, “ Kirnick the Sadler.”

“There is reason in thy question, Kirnick Saradgi,” observed Hamet; “and the Jew shall certainly sew the piece of iron on thy kettle.” The poor Hebrew groaned at this assurance, and the drunkard gave an additional blow to the tiara that he was decked withal.

“Ah, Yahoody! dost thou hear that?” exclaimed the exulting sadler. “Son of a wretch and father of villains! hast thou heard? Does thy brain take in what his Highness says?”

“There is one condition which thou must first fulfil,” observed his Highness.

“A thousand for your Sublimity! Sultanâm,” replied the saddler, *plenus Bacchi*, “as there is truth in Allah, I, who am Kirnick Saradgi, will fulfil them every one.”

“Behold, then, said the Effendi,” pointing to a basket of sand on the head of a bystander, “there is material wherewith thou shalt make thread, and having brought it to the Jew, with that he shall sew the metal on thy pot.”

It was now the Israelite’s turn to triumph;

but the admonition of which his feet were reminding him produced modesty, and he kept his rejoicing within bounds. Meanwhile the sadler had taken out a handful of the facile material he was commanded to spin, and eyed it stupidly, only half comprehending the awkwardness of the task he had pledged himself to—he who was Kirnick Saradgi—to perform; but when Hamet joined the penalty of a hundred strokes to his late decision, the Turk, sobered at once by a sound so portentous, poured forth complaints that he, a believer, should be dealt with worse than the dog Jew, to whom but half that number had fallen.

“Thou hast forgotten the sum he was mulcted in,” remarked Hamet quietly; “and what is he but a blinded Jew, who, in doing evil, goes but straight on to his destiny; whilst thou, a Believer, if it must be so, thou hast the benefit of *Al Kitab—Al Dhiki—the Book—the Admonition*—how ill thou hast read, hast received it, thy present state avows. Even now, but for thy

neighbour's shoulder that supports thee, even now art thou ready to renounce the position of a reasonable creature of Allah, and fall prone to earth like the swine. Moreover, thou hast oppressed one who was before sufficiently unfortunate, and since thou hast chosen my judgment in this matter abide by it. Thou hast heard!" Speaking thus, the Effendi sat gravely awaiting the completion of his sentence. Instruments for the infliction of such are never wanting in a Turkish village, and the full tale having been told on the Believing feet, Hamet, left his fellow-worshipper free for this time of the sin of drunkenness—nay, sober as the Judge himself.

## CHAPTER VIII.

So cheerful are they in poverty, that they will dance while their legs will bear them, and sing till they grow hoarse, secured from the cares and fears that accompany riches.

ARCHBISHOP SANDYS.

THE travellers kept ever onwards with their faces “west and by north;” but one day, that St, Maur desired to arouse his friend from contemplating his marvellous state of a wanderer, he betook himself, with a charity never sufficiently to be lauded, to the very English amusement of “badgering” the Turk where he was most assailable.

Certain marks of Russian influence, never

gratifying to Turkish eyes were before them, and "on this hint he spake."

"Yes; they are base-minded Infidels, those Russians," assented he to a civil proposition offered by Hamet to that effect. "Infields, indeed! They have painted their baggage-waggons *green*! Then, what a creed they have! We differ from them totally, you know."

"Surely yes, Inchallah!" replied Hamet, although he knew nothing of the asserted difference in creed, and in his heart believed it to be immaterial, yet he did not say, as many Turks would have done on a like occasion, "are not all Hogs—Hogs?" Hamet really believed that there might be some difference, though he knew not wherein it consisted.

"You are different wholly, you Inglizi, you are men! To be Franks, they are unblest dogs those Muscoves, but for their impiety with regard to the sacred colour, there are red-hot Eskaras in the lowest pit of Gehennum—thanks to Allah!"



“’Tis a truth doubtless,” declared St. Maur, “yet your own prophecies say that these ‘yellow-heads’ shall one day be your masters,—your City—who knows not its story, gained under a Baldwin, by the Latins—under a Baldwin, it was, that these were expelled—rebuilt, restored from its ashes by a Constantine whose mother was Helena, and under the auspices of a Patriarch, called Gregory—was it not in the reign of a Constantine whose mother was Helena, and under the Patriarchate of a Gregory, that once again the City fell?—can the Osmanli shun his fate? a Mahmoud gained your Stamboul—a Mahmoud will lose it, the Russians will furnish a Constantine, the Greeks another Patriarch Gregory, can it be doubted?”

“What is written is written,” replied Hamet, surprised at the amusement his young friend had chosen; “but we have hanged up the Patriarch Gregory, of whom our enemies said ‘this is the fulfiller of prophecy:’ for the Russian Constantine, hath he not been forbidden

to mount the throne of his fathers, lest in some choleric moment, and when rage hath made him mad, he should annihilate his Nation at a blow."

To this new version of the cause for Constantine's abdication, St. Maur replied by a laugh only, proceeding to declare that Sultan Mahmoud would yet want the Janissaries whom he had caused to be slaughtered wholesale by their Aga, Hussein ; his repentance was instantaneous, as he marked the deep shudder of his friend.

"Do not call that the deed of Mahmoud Samor Effendi ! 'twas the act of their enemies, the Topdgi\* Corps, well aided by Hussein Aga, who took advantage of the alarm felt by our Sovereign, at one of the wildest insurrections ever indulged in by those turbulent Janissaries.

"I was a wretch to name it, forgive me Hamet Effendi," said the Englishman, "but my punishment is at hand. Here we go into the thrice

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\* Topdgi, Artillery Corps.

dirty town of Bucharest, and he who ventures to talk in his transit through that place, gets his mouth full of mud, the taste of which it would take a long life to forget, not to mention some butts of Hungarian wine, that were needful to wash the vile tenacity from his poisoned lips.

“I am going to risk much in your service Hamet Effendi, and to make the *amende honorable* for my late impertinence, every word I speak is an act of more than mortal daring,” he threw a large boat cloak over the person of the dignified Mussulman, and continued, “now you may remain there in safety, and may take your revenge by seeing me sit in worse than sack-cloth and ashes.” No desire for revenge was betrayed by Hamet’s features, he smiled perfect forgiveness of his young tormenter, who had again become the observant and zealous friend that this long journey continually proved him to be.

“Here we go into it bodily,” declared St. Maur,” who having passed through Bucharest

on his way to Stamboul, knew the various beauties presented by its boarded streets; "well are these streets called bridges (Ponti), he continued, for deep and dark is the viscid river stagnating, (it can't *roll*) beneath them, yet would they better deserve the name if they gave less ready entrance through their thousand holes and crevices to the semi-fluid abomination they pretend to raise one above."

Many a high born Boyard doth nevertheless, roll his magnificent self and splendid car through  
• your vile ways, daily, oh city, unclean of thoroughfare, going, as did the Spaniard, up the hill, for no earthly purpose, that has yet been ascertained, save always and excepting that of "coming back again," it is true that these Magnates have not 30,000 men, as had the king aforesaid, but with many a dirt involved follower, do they take this pastime, day by day. Surely then we, who have only once to pass through these chosen haunts, may do it peaceably; remembering that however deeply we curse the place, it will

not therefore be the cleaner for us, if we by chance should have to repass it.

Thus prated St. Maur, careless of the fate he had denounced to all who should talk in Bucharest, and calling up the frequent smile to the lips and eyes of his silent companion.

At length, and after many a day of toil, the friends entered Poland, finding that distant portion of the country undisturbed as yet by all that was passing around, and in the capital. Not unfavourable was the omen that greeted their arrival on Sarmatian soil; their blessing was craved on the Nuptial Procession consequent on a peasant's union with the maid of his choice, and which fails not to take place on the day after the marriage. On this occasion, the Bride, meekly bending for the benediction of the travellers, looked up afterwards in acknowledgment of its cordial granting—with eyes that were in themselves a blessing to meet—and

frank and joyous was the face of him who gazed on her with manly tenderness, proud to call her his own. Again, the common and daily salutation of the Polish peasant, is a thing that warms the heart to hear, "May we praise God!" How constant a reminder of the duty—to be content! more, to be thankful, that if evil be in our lot, it is not heavier! worse! the rule, rather than exception of our lives. And then the response—"May we praise him to all eternity." I know not but that habitual repetition may in some cases weaken the force of its effect, but how admirably are these words calculated to check the murmurer, if about to become so, or to raise the thoughts of the sufferer to a time when he shall forget what sorrow was!

"You talk of the Snowy Cæsar's injustice in holding these fair possessions," said Hamet, as they passed through the fertile Volhynia. "Why should he give them up? You say that his

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fathers took them as the robber takes your purse, —when you are weaker than he: so you say, and this may be; yet why must he diminish the inheritance of his children?"

"Does not Al Koran say, 'if you have taken aught, restore it doubly?'" said St. Maur, somewhat at random, and rather as remembering that portions of our own Scriptures are imitated by the Moslem writings, than as really versed in the lore of Islam.

Hamet evaded reply to this, by pointing to the well-clothed and well-fed peasants, declaring that the gay dances and cheerful looks of the Muscove Sultan's Rayahs augured no ill of his government. "I love not the Russians—what Believer can do so? but the truth is before our eyes—what want these slaves that they have not?"

"Slaves!" exclaimed St. Maur, on whose ear the word grated harshly; "slaves! They are not that—they neither are nor can be! They desire not even to be Subjects, unless to Rulers

of their own : and these, be sure, the world must one day see them obeying."

"I thought that even thyself didst admit them all the further from their end for this tumult?"

"And I do so," replied the young man, sighing; "but to defer is not to resign—nor will they fail to obtain their purpose when they seek it more wisely, though long years of aggravated suffering must be consequent on their mistake of the present hour!"

"As there is but one Allah, you have strange thoughts, you Frangi. Here is the Rayah in arms against his sovereign, and you call it a mistake! Emrallahin! (there is help in God)—a mistake! Mashallah! this is wonderful!"

"Let us agree to think differently on this point," said the Englishman, when Hamet held his peace in utter astonishment; "but do not call the Pole a slave in his hearing, or we shall scarcely fare as we have hitherto done."

"Nay, we have fared but indifferently," said Hamet, forgetting just then how rich he thought



‘the Rayahs of the Snowy Sultan;’ ‘they have brought us no coffee since our own failed, though thou hast been willing to give its weight in gold for my drinking.’”

“That is because they have it not; but they have supplied us with good dried chicory-root instead—the best they have.”

“Neither have I found sugar for my sherbet, since the store thy providence laid in for me was exhausted,” persisted Hamet.

“But the honey they have given us! richer was never won from Sicilian elms; bright and pure it is as were melted topaz.”

“It is not bad,” admitted the Osmanli; “and, by the blessing of Allah! they have given thee no wine.”

“Sinners that they are, none!” declared St. Maur, laughing; “for the last three days am I thirsting, and that in despite of the Vodka that I have been compelled to drink instead.”

In due time the travellers arrived at Stanislawa, and within a hundred versts of Warsaw.

Here a well-arranged inn received them. No more privation ; all demands were thenceforward complied with, and they agreed to rest awhile at this place, until Hamet should recover from the fatigue of his unusual exertions.

## CHAPTER IX.

There are three Stars in Heaven's blue deep,  
And brightly they shine, though silently ;  
On the plain three silver fountains leap,  
And there stood beside them Ladies three—  
A wife, a widow, a virgin maid—  
And thus to the rippling streams they said.

Old Polish Song—BOWRING.

“BLESSED Allah ! what foul weeds do they here  
call tobacco !” exclaimed the Osmanli, when  
they had rested a night at Stanislowa—“the  
very Copts would shun to smoke it. Where  
shall I now find the Felix, the Paprava, the deli-  
cate Yobashi of Salonica, the pure dark brown  
Berytus leaf, burning with clear blue flame, and

sending forth odours that were acceptable even in Paradise?"

"You shall find a something better than all these, if you will mount and ride forth with me," declared St. Maur—"the agreeable country around us, and the pleasant faces of the people."

It was with affected, rather than real reluctance, that Hamet assented to the young Englishman's proposal, though declaring that the absence of such tobacco as one might call tobacco, was but a just reward for the sin of having attached his steps to those of a restless Ingliz—more unfixed than the rambling Yezi-dees, and much less reasonable; seeing that the last moves not, until he has eaten up all things eatable offered by his seat of the moment, while the first, "Mashallah!—those unaccountable Inglizi!—they leave their Island Palaces, bright as the dwellings of the blessed, to roam where they eat not, drink not, sleep not, but at peril of finding each mouthful, each slumber, the last of their enjoyment."

“This from you, Effendi!” exclaimed St. Maur, in feigned amazement; “you, who are yourself a traveller!”

“As Allah is One, it should seem that I am so, yet I know not at times how to believe it; but I have a motive for seeking strange lands. You Inglizi, your doings are not to be accounted for by any supposition short of madness, in the performers of such feats. However sound may be your judgment on other points, you all go wide astray on this; for with what motive is it that you hurry through the world?—if you have any, it must be to try how far your powers of endurance can go.”

“You know my servant Selim, Samor Effendi?”

Samor Effendi did know Selim; he had been Tartar attendant on men of all nations, but most of all on Inglizi, for of these is the great body of travellers composed. This fellow, Selim Suridgi, had attended one of his masters even to his English home, and after that visit, was more than

ever amazed at those extraordinary Wanderers. It was of this Ingliz that Selim most loved to discourse, as the man who, of all he had served, had borne the greatest hardships, and confronted the most deadly perils, in search of what his countrymen have agreed to call pleasure.

“ Or making researches for the benefit of their country, for that of literature, of science,” interpolated St. Maur.

“ Yes! Hamet knew that they did so excuse their vagabond propensity, and if any man ever gratified his innate love of travel, with an added motive so laudable, doubtless the boasted master of Selim was he. “Arrived in your great London, Selim told that he found this most energetic of labourers, this most unassuming and self-oblivious of men, to be a Zadeh-Bey of the highest quality, received by doting parents, brothers, and sisters, into a Palace rivalling those of our Sultan’s self (may his prosperity increase), looked on with softest eyes by creatures too bright for angels; but whom all agreed in calling women. Selim

swore it by his father's beard. Bidden to feasts was the traveller, like those described in 'The Thousand Nights and a Night.'\* He possessed too in his own right, such dwellings, in more than one part of his sea-girt home, as might vie, so Selim declared, with bowers of Paradise; yet does he leave these blessings again behind him, undeterred by all he had suffered afar, returns with the wondering Selim through those unblest wilds that, by Allah's blessing, we have just got over; crosses the Emineh Daght†—which we took ship for Varna to avoid—and is now traversing the mountains of those children of Eblis, the rebel Zebecks, in search, as you will have it, of more information, more benefit, for his country."

St. Maur maintained his assertion, more especially in this particular case, for the subject of Hamet's disguised eulogy was not unknown to him.

"I have seen him myself," added the Osmanli,

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\* The Arabian Nights is so called in the East.

† Emineh Daght: Mount Hæmus or the Balkan, is named thus by the Turks.

after a short pause, and no longer affecting to conceal his admiration, "I have met the noble Ingliz often, and never was Infidel better formed to make one regret his evil case. I would fain have proved him connected with our own glorious race of Kiuperli;\* for I grudged that you Ghiaours, should leave us no share in one so worthy the name of Osman; but he laughed at my beard, as you have yourself the gift of doing. I forgave him, nevertheless, and we were friends till he would no longer delay his departure. Allah be his guard!"

St. Maur had long since learned to penetrate through the slight veil of affected contempt in which it was Hamet's pleasure at times to involve his real admiration for the energy, enterprise, and other high qualities of the Frankish Nations; while the defects, the vices, all that the well-judging Osmanli really disapproved in the natives of Western Europe, were things which his Oriental politeness and friendly feeling for

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\* The Traveller thus eulogized, was one of the Keppel family.



his young companion forbade him to dwell on. St. Maur might have taken the benefit of his example in this respect, but it pleased him occasionally to neglect this, and even now he took it into his head to observe that Hamet's favourite Ingliz, thought less respectfully of the Sultan Mamhoud than that Monarch's loyal servant should approve.

"You say truly, and it was a fault," replied the Turk, he too, perfectly assured of his companion's true meaning. "It was a fault!—who is perfect? I might myself, ignorant and uninformed as I am, sometimes presume to question the decrees of my master; but when the temptation besets me, I remember how enlightened he is, how far from possessing the power to comprehend him I am myself, and so I get over the temptation by the help of Allah."

St. Maur could have found much to say on that point, but refrained, and rode on in silence. They were now passing the boundary wall of what should seem, by its ornaments, to be the

dwelling of a noble family. Certain tenants of this park-like domain confirmed the supposition ; these were three ladies, whom the riders at one time passed so closely as to hear a fragment of their conversation, a short turf deadening the sound of their horses feet, and themselves being screened from the view of the speakers by spreading trees.

“ It is time that I depart,” said the lady who was oldest of the three ; “ all is tolerably quiet just now. The disorderly bands hovering about some days since have dispersed ; still I regret to leave you in the absence of Voleslas. He returns to-morrow you say, Julia ?”

“ To-morrow, dear Mamônia,\* and early in the day,” was the reply, uttered in a voice like a Seraph’s, eyes of exceeding beauty turning at the same moment on the first speaker’s face. The path of the ladies then diverged from that of the riders, and Hamet, whose Eastern decorum had been shocked by St. Maur’s persisting to observe

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\* Mamônia, mother, mamma, Polish term of endearment.

these ladies, was equally malcontent with his companion at the interruption.

“Inshallah ! those were eyes ! and the voice ! ’twas like that of the angel Israfil.”

“Faultless both,” responded St. Maur ; “but I would willingly have heard a sound from the rose-like lips of the silent lady, and seen the fringed curtains of her eyes lift up : if I mistake not, they were of that heavenly blue, which we Inglizi worship so devoutly.”

“Having gained that, you would have asked something more,” declared Hamet.

“Doubtless, yes,” said the laughing St. Maur, “had the eyes looked up, I should have desired to keep their glances all to myself.”

“How wonderful is Allah ! and if the lips had spoken you would next have prayed them to sing.”

St. Maur assented with perfect amity, and just then, as if in repayment of their concord, the sound of music reached the friends, and they perceived at a distance the two younger ladies seated in a small pavilion. One of them was bending

over a harp, but was now in conversation with her companion. In a short time the path of the gentlemen brought them nearly close to the youthful gossips, and, skreened as before by high shrubbery, they could again hear the clear sweet voices and fast-flowing words of the speakers. The language they used was French, now familiar to the Osmanli as to St. Maur, or to the fair colloquists themselves. It was music, however, that the gentlemen had permitted themselves to pause for, and almost instantly certain symptoms of it appeared.

“What must I sing, Fedora, tell me?” said the one.

“’Tis no time for gay songs this,” replied her companion; “sing Fianka’s song, dear Julia—that one she used to call her cradle song.”

“But I have not half the words, you know,” said Julia: “the air, too, she only knew it in part: it was her little brother that sang it, Salome said; Fianka had but caught certain portions from him.”

“No matter, Julia, sing what you know ; try it for our poor Fianka’s sake. I did so firmly believe we should have had her here before this time ! Try to remember it for me, dear Julia.”

Julia did try, and after some preluding, and more than one attempt, she went through a simple air, to which her own mellifluous voice lent the principal charm. The words that accompanied were totally unintelligible to the English listener, resembling no language known to him.

The name of “Salome” had caught the ear of St. Maur, and his glance towards the Osmanli was met by one of equal intelligence. At the first sounds of the song, Hamet had started with an emotion seldom evinced by one of his race ; but when, as it finished, St. Maur turned to ask explanation, he was shocked to perceive the Osmanli’s eyes floating in tears. He was looking straight onward, with lids strained wide, lest their pressure should cause those marks of weakness to fall, and stain the majestic beard of manhood.

Profoundly respecting the feelings of his friend, St. Maur followed him as he rode slowly off, when the ladies had gone, waiting silently until it should suit the Moslem to speak. He did so after some time; but the unsteadiness of his voice told how difficult he yet found it to master his feelings.

“It is my own boy’s song!—my little Vasif’s!—his imperfect and lisping words; for as yet he had but half learned to form them.” Hamet paused; the visible presence of the beloved child came evidently before him; but after a time he proceeded with firmer voice: “Yes, Samor, that was the song of your brother’s child, his first-born. I may well know it, for words and music were my own; the first, a sort of welcome home to myself after my daily labour, and which it gladdened my very heart to hear his sweet lips utter—the second a mere nothing, as you heard, unless as the voice of the singer embellished it; but very musical were the tones of my child to me.” Again the firm voice of the Moslem gave

way, shaken beneath the force of his recollections ; but when he next spoke it was in loud, rapid, even exaggerated tones ; still, however, presenting to his hearer but another kind of evidence to the perturbation of the speaker.

“ What did they mean by Fianka ? My child was called Zarifa—her mother’s name ; yet who could be the sister of Vasif ? Certainly they named him not ; but they said ‘ her brother’s song,’ and this, made for and taught to him alone, as it was, could be the song of no other. Then Salome’s name ; what think you, Samor Effendi ? ”

St. Maur was of opinion that the Fianka named by the ladies could be none other than the Osmanli’s Zarifa, and would at once have sought explanation from the ladies ; but Hamet’s Eastern habits with respect to such, though considerably modified by his intercourse with Franks, forbade this precipitancy.

“ We might alarm, them,” he said ; “ let us rather send first, praying permission to enter

their presence. St. Maur perceived the propriety of his friend's decision, and assented to it, although in so urgent a case, his own scruples as to intruding had been easily set aside. Halting to refresh their horses at a small Kartzma, or road side Inn, the friends learned that the Palatz whose grounds they had skirted, was the residence of a noble family—that of Berkovicz—the owner having lately arrived thither from a distant villa, with his wife, her mother, and sister.

Returning towards their Hotel, the conversation of the friends was full of hopeful allusion to the late occurrence. The manner in which that Fianka, in whom they hoped to find the Zarifa of their search, was named by the ladies, was one denoting entire affection, auguring better for her fate and character than, under the doubtful circumstances in which she was supposed to be placed, as the stolen ward of the vagabond Jew, could have been hoped for.

Hamet wished the ladies had been more explicit as to Vasif. But he was a boy—less in



their way. All would be well explained, he would not doubt it, and St. Maur felt equally hopeful.

Arrived at the verge of the Berkovicz domain, sounds of tumult suddenly arose at no great distance, but in a direction opposite to that of the palace grounds. Checking his rein, St. Maur was about to turn into the defile whence they proceeded. "There is fighting not far distant," he observed to his friend.

"And you would fain help," retorted Hamet. "Though an Ingliz had broken his fast on one battle and dined on another, still would he take the same for supper, nothing loth—so have I ever seen and heard of them. Yet must I also go to this undesirable scene, lest mischief befall him," he continued, half to himself, St. Maur laughing with unrestrained mirth, so palpably did the Osmanli's eyes, large, sparkling, and eagerly looking towards the scene of strife, give denial to the sober pretence just put forth.

But few paces, however, had been made in their new direction, when a loud cry, echoing from that they had just left, caused St. Maur again to turn his horse. It was the voice of a woman, and of one in distress; but here Hamet offered resistance that was not merely nominal, placing a firm hand on the Englishman's rein, he fairly compelled him to stand, which he did in no small surprise at this strange procedure.

"Why do we stop, Hamet Effendi. You heard a woman's cry?"

"Something like one, I did," replied Hamet; "but my life had once nearly fallen a sacrifice to the haste with which I followed a similar sound. On that occasion it was uttered by no woman, neither may this be, and I will not suffer your's to be risked; let us proceed warily."

But a second scream was now heard. "That was surely a woman," exclaimed St. Maur, "and in the Berkovicz grounds." He disengaged his rein, which Hamet did not now seek to retain, and galloped off, followed by his companion.

A few moments brought them to the boundary line of the park, across which they perceived the Ladies Julia and Fedora flying, pursued by three men, one of whom seemed on the point of attaining the terrified objects of his pursuit.

Leaving their horses to fate and their own discretion, the friends leaped from their backs to the park wall, here of only moderate height; then, springing down, they rushed across the enclosure at their best speed, seeking to cut off the villains from their prey, by taking a shorter road. Unluckily a sunk fence soon presented itself, effectually barring their way, and though St. Maur threw himself over, to Hamet the leap was impossible; he was therefore compelled to take the more circuitous road they had abandoned.

St. Maur was soon near the ladies, who had suddenly turned, and were now running towards him, the robber close on their steps. Hand-in-hand were the sisters flying along; but the one uttered a cry of increased terror on perceiving the Englishman in the now deepening twilight, be-

lieving him to be another assailant. She stood, clasping her sightless sister in her arms, and too much occupied with her fears for her, the helpless Julia, to heed St. Maur's assurance that he was "a friend."

But Julia heard better, and bursting from Fedora's clasp, she sought to drag her towards the sound. Their delay had brought the ruffian on their track; careless of St. Maur, whose French words he had not understood, and whom he too supposed a helpmate in the work of mischief, the wretch had stretched an impious hand towards the sisters, when the English fist of the new comer, unexpectedly applied in the best style of our own peculiar Science, brought him presently to mother earth.

Short as was this process, it had yet given the two remaining villains time to accomplish what their fallen comrade had failed to effect, each had seized a lady, but Julia's assailant soon found that without battle his prize was not to be secured. Unarmed, except by nature, and the

Tom Cribb of the day,\* St. Maur yet pounced on the robber with determined fist. His blow confounded the villain for a moment, enabling him to drag the now insensible lady from his grasp ; but the wretch was drawing a pistol from his belt and, unless he were prevented from using this, the life of St. Maur, perhaps of his charge, must fall a sacrifice. Now then came “ the tug of war,” and a tug it was in good earnest. The Englishman had but one hand to use against his opponent’s pair ; the lady occupied the second, and to pause while he laid her down was to lose all. The struggle was too unequal, and must have terminated in St. Maur’s defeat, but for the act of an ally, who had not as yet taken any share in the strife, because uncertain whether the sport wherein he perceived his master to be engaged were one in which he had or had not concern. This was a noble wolf-dog of Epidaurus ; gravely

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\* A Professor, under whom our young men then studied zealously, as the reader may possibly remember.

observant of the contest, he at length seemed to make up his mind—possibly the close set teeth and hard drawn breath of his master were hints he understood—be that as it may, he suddenly flew at the robber's throat, finding him other employment for his hands than that of wrenching the wrist of St. Maur (who had seized the pistol) with one of those members, while he kept pounding away, in most unscientific sort, on the Englishman's closed fingers, with the other.

The dog, as we have said, gave him other employment for both hands, and the pistol was abandoned to St. Maur. "Hold him, Nero!" said the latter, with all the breath he had left; then, laying the fainting lady on the turf, he tore off his girdle from the unresisting robber, who dared not stir. Binding his hands with this, St. Maur then called the dog from his throat, changing the command to "Keep him, boy!" an order that Nero obeyed, by planting his enormous bulk full before the trembling object of his late rough caress, and fixing on him eyes that seemed

to paralyze—so totally still did the crestfallen brigand remain beneath their influence.

Meanwhile the man whom St. Maur had first attacked was recovering and attempting to rise ; but this he at once prevented, and bound him too with his own gear. He then raised the lady and looked around in hope of seeing Hamet, whom he believed to have encountered the third robber, seeing that this last had borne his prize in the direction by which St. Maur knew his friend to be approaching. He was not in sight, however, and in some apprehension for his safety St. Maur now turned his attention to the lady.

The occurrence had occupied but a few short moments, and the light still remaining sufficed to shew St. Maur that the eyes of his beautiful charge were unclosing, but when, replying to his assurance of safety, the lady asked if Fedora were there, he feared for a moment that her senses were injured by the shock she had received—an instant more convinced him of his error. On first perceiving the lady's power to

stand, St. Maur had respectfully withdrawn his support, but stood near, lest she might again require it; the small hands, half extended as if to meet those of her sister, while she stood quite unconscious of his own very close vicinity, her fine eyes wandering aimlessly over his face, with that melancholy expression of helplessness ever seen around the mouth of the blind, when in perplexity—all these declared to the pitying Englishman that those radiant eyes were sightless.

In tones deepened by the softest interest, he now assured his charge that the lady she enquired for must be near. He had scarcely spoken when Hamet appeared with Fedora, into whose care her sister was instantly given.

The affairs of the Osmanli had found a less innocent termination than those of St. Maur. He had surprised the assailant of Fedora, as pausing with his prey, he was divesting her of the few jewels she wore; this occupation had however been interrupted by that very Eastern

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mode of intervention, the Scimitar. Hamet, unlike St. Maur, had chosen to ride in arms, after his own country fashion, and, not content with the ataghan or dagger, had retained the first-named weapon, which he used so effectually, as just to snatch the lady in time from the falling trunk of her nearly headless assailant.

Preparing to attend the sisters to their home, St. Maur now bade the prisoner of Nero to lift his prostrate comrade, and as, for this purpose, it was needful to set his hands free, Hamet placed the girdle around his neck instead, himself holding the further extremity; yet not without suggesting to St Maur, that the readier way were to punish both, in good Turkish style, on the spot: but to this suggestion, the latter had not been in Eastern dwellings long enough to accede.

Half dragging, half carrying his companion, went the robber. The party were soon met by servants, in search of the ladies, and in due time all reached the mansion.

Rest and refreshment soon restored Julia and Fedora to their usual self possession, nor did they fail duly to acknowledge the important service just received from the friends. This they had scarcely done when the entrance of Berkovicz drew expressions of delighted surprise from both the sisters. Voleslas had already heard from his servants in how much he was indebted to the strangers, and these soon found themselves in a circle of friends. The return of Voleslas, had been hastened by his having perceived a band of Cossacks in full march for his own neighbourhood. These savages, caring for neither Pole nor Russ, plundered either or both, as occasion offered, and the miscreants from whom his valued guests had saved his own bright household deities, Berkovicz observed, affectionately regarding the beautiful sisters, were doubtless part of the band, acting for their own especial benefit, and induced by the sight of ladies unattended, to forget the manifest danger of entering the residence of a Noble.

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His mode of passing this evening, was sufficiently new to be counted among the “wondrous chances” of Hamet’s life, at that time, however familiar it afterwards became to him. Pleasantly seated, with young, beautiful, and unveiled women, neither sister, wife, nor else of kin to the man so favoured ! it is true that he had lived to see a degree of licence in Ottoman habits, that in his early life each Believer would have thought impossible, yet was his present position so novel as to give an air of puzzled astonishment to the else most dignified bearing of the distinguished and very handsome Osmanli. And here it may be remarked that our Turkish friend’s ignoble origin was not, as with us, an accident fatal to his manners. The son of Osman holds birth as nothing, station as everything. Now this last may be, and is, conferred on whomsoever it may please the Sultan to distinguish by it ; thus, every man feels himself eligible to the highest dignities, knows—if he possesses the consciousness of power within—that

all are in his reach, and this, together with the innate politeness observable in Turks of every class—the courtesy of address, never departed from by the meanest to his fellow—results in that imposing dignity, that perfect adaptation of his manner to his circumstances, usually remarked in an Osmanli of distinction, however mean or obscure may have been his origin. Living instances of this might be cited, and must be known to all who have visited the Turkish Court, but here, such citation were out of place.

It will be readily believed that explanations were sought and given at the first possible moment, as to that Fianka, of whom the ladies had been heard to speak, and no doubt could remain that she was indeed the lost Zarifa of the Osmanli, St. Maur's sought-for relative.

The time of Salome's arrival on the Romanowski domain, with many another distinguishing characteristic of herself and her party, described by Julia, declared it past a doubt. The death of the little Vasif, imperfectly remem-

bered as to circumstance, yet clearly as to fact, even by the younger Fedora, was also related. Not with indifference did the warm-hearted Mussulman hear of this—his ideas of propriety forbade display of feeling. “It was the will of Allah!” was the only remark he made; but the internal struggle did not escape St. Maur, nor could their Polish friends fail to perceive that the lost boy had been very dear to the noble Osmanli.

The pause that followed this melancholy annunciation was succeeded by praises of Zarifa—no more effectual mode of consolation could have been chosen; and more than enough was said to show St. Maur that he had no disgrace to fear from the restoration of his youthful relative to her own people.

The question as to where Zarifa now was, produced some little embarrassment—her having been resigned to the failing Salome, and afterwards to the claims of Zahroun, were touched on lightly. The Countess was now gone to Warsaw,

where the gentlemen would find her, the young ladies observed, as well as Zarifa.

The delicate tact of the Osmanli instantly taught him that this was not an agreeable subject, and he forebore to press it. St. Maur, too, resolved to wait a more favourable opportunity for doing so; but a something in the look of Voleslas, with the mention of his brother-in-law, Count Kazimir, gave to the latter a glimpse of the truth, which Hamet's non-acquaintance with the matron tactics of Europe, prevented him from catching.

## CHAPTER X.

Her destiny had decreed to set her an apprenticeship in the School of Affliction, to draw her through the ordeal fire of trial; which finished, and Fortune calling to mind that her Servitude was at an end, gave up her Indentures, and therewith delivered into her custody the reward of her Patience.

SIR W. NAUNTON'S "FRAGMENTA REGALIA."

THE surgeon whose eminence had caused him to be summoned by his brothers to the aid of Kazimir, not only decided that the arm must indeed be sacrificed, but declared that, injured as it was, it must be taken off by the difficult and delicate operation of removing at the socket; and even when the terrible operation had been per-

formed, the almost constant presence of the operator in his patient's chamber, his anxious superintendence of the many precautions he found needful, all told his fear of the very worst consequences, until regret for the sacrificed limb was superseded by a dread, that was almost despair for the life, it had been given to save.

A messenger had been instantly sent off to the Countess Romanowski, but she had not arrived in the city, and her son was at length making progress towards recovery, watched and tended by his nurse and by Zarifa. This was not a time to irritate the patient by neglecting his wishes, and largely did the presence of Zarifa contribute to the Count's recovery. Her determination to withdraw from his society had been taken; but was deferred until his perfect restoration. That once secured, to remove herself from his sight was a thing firmly resolved on, it was only uncertain as to the time; so Zarifa declared to her conscience, and the latter no doubt believed the assurance.

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There was much of present happiness in her lot, once the worst of Kazimir's sufferings had passed away. Freed from danger and almost from pain, Kazimir himself was entirely content, and how could she, who saw him so, remember her own coming desolation? She did not, and for the moment was happy.

But whatever purposes of sacrifice were in Zarifa's thoughts, none such found entrance to those of Kazimir. His mother was proud, said Reason; yes, too proud to do a bad, mean, thing, retorted her ready opponent, and is not ingratitude mean and bad? and would it not be the blackest ingratitude to repay that angel Zarifa with cold rejection? Then, was she not all that the proudest mother could ask for the most exalted of sons? She was, and more, greatly more; for where breathed the man that could merit her? The Countess would receive her joyfully, he declared to himself; or if old remembrance started a doubt, who would listen to old remembrance while the voice of deep love rang

in his ears? Not Kazimir! so he looked on his idol as all his own.

It is true that sighs for his country were frequently on the lips of the Count; but even these painful thoughts were softened by her presence, a most unanswerable reason why, when her patient seemed drooping, the ancient nurse should summon her young assistant to her aid—the advent of the latter she had long perceived to be a remedy never applied in vain.

Then Zarifa, seeing this, and witnessing the delight with which her coming was hailed, could not fail to be happy in that consciousness, and her light step became lighter as she glided about on her true labour of love. Their sanctuary was the pretty cabinet of Fedora, for thither had Kazimir demanded to be borne, when it became possible to remove him from his couch.

Thoughts of the dark and desolate end of all—of the parting that must come—would sometimes cloud the beautiful brow of Zarifa in the silent loneliness of her chamber; but her regrets were

devoured alone, they were not suffered to be seen by her patient ; and never was nurse more successful than she—more perfectly formed to keep up that love of life in an invalid, which helps the doctor so passing well in his battle with grimly death.

One morning, the waking eyes of Zarifa started wide open on a vision that caused them presently to close again, with feelings of self-reproach little merited, of terror little creditable to her who caused it, and who felt in her that heart it was so.

“ You will not look at me, Zarifa,” said the Countess, for she it was that had scared the waking girl. “ You shrink from me, as I deserve that you should do ; yet it is I who have suffered ! aye, even more than yourself, my child ! I did wrong to you, while inflicting pain on myself, that wrong increasing the pain to intensity of which you, innocent of evil, can know nothing. Look at me, my regained treasure,” she added fondly, as Zarifa, rising from her bed, had thrown her arms around the matron’s neck, and hidden

her beautiful face on her shoulder. "Look up, my child! you will see once more the mother who has never ceased to love you, even while denying herself the happiness of doing her duty.

"But you will be more than ever my daughter henceforth, unless indeed I am to tell poor Kazimir that he may not hope. What say you, love? he tells me the life you have saved will be nothing worth, if it be not passed in seeking to bless your own. I am suppliant for both him and myself, Zarifa;" and the Countess finished by pressing a fond kiss on the fair neck bending before her.

It were needless to repeat the words with which Zarifa met this most unlooked for address: they were neither many nor well arranged, but they suited the purpose, and the day that saw so fair a commencement was one of exceeding happiness.

The Countess had arrived the night before, almost on the instant of Zarifa's retirement to

her chamber; but had forbidden Gadomska to summon the Panienka, as the nurse was about to do. Alarmed at not having received any accounts since the day of Praga—for the messenger despatched had never reached Labronna—the Lady Romanowska had determined on visiting Warsaw. Her feelings at the wreck she beheld in her son may be imagined; but when, after recovering from the first shock of this, she heard the relation of how he was saved from dying on the battle-field—a relation that Kazimir could not be prevailed on to delay—she was but confirmed in a resolution that she had already taken as to Zarifa, and which, though suddenly announced, had by no means been suddenly formed.

On the return of Fedora from Warsaw, her mother's questions, as to all that had taken place there, were so ingeniously put, so constantly reiterated, so varied in mode and manner, that the most acute examining counsel would have declared her power of eliciting truth unrivalled.

Not an event remained unsifted—not a word but was called to judgment—and the result was that the lady soon knew all that her daughter could tell, with much more, that she neither knew nor had thought of, until the inquisition established by her mother caused light to break in on her. Fedora's belief that the travesty of Zarifa was unknown to Kazimir, was evident, as was that of Zarifa herself; but while the Countess was convinced that the two girls felt assured of Kazimir's being no party to their secret, she was certain also that they were both deceived. Leading frequently and cautiously to the subject—her son's replies as to "the boy"—though they might have passed unnoticed by one unknowing the truth, made all obvious to the Countess.

Now the latter had not escaped her own reproaches for injustice to Zarifa, and by degrees a very remarkable change took place in her views of the question—which she saw clearly that her son would one day ask her to consider—namely, would she give him Zarifa to wife, or would she

not? The lady remembered, that if the fair girl's origin were doubtful, her freedom from all that renders despicable the once high race of the Hebrew was not so; formed by herself, Zarifa's tastes and habits were elegant as her own—she had received no taint, even of manner, from being thrown among the base. Gold and ivory—worth and purity—these come forth from the ordeal uninjured, unsullied, undiminished. Thus was it with Zarifa. Birth was all she wanted; for the want of wealth, poor as her house had become, the Countess was too truly a Pole—too entirely free from all taint of the grovelling—the vulgar—to weigh that, against the happiness of two persons so dear to her as were Kazimir and Zarifa.

“She was certainly not the daughter of Zahroun,” the Countess said to herself; but then, a totally unknown origin was only one degree better than being convicted of Judaism. What Polish noble but must be shocked at the obstacle this sad want of birth presented. The Countess found its magnitude enormous; yet

did she regret that she could not promote the evident desire of her son, almost from the first ; and when she received a letter which he had written from camp, almost immediately on his leaving Warsaw for service in the field, and wherein he described the whole progress of his attachment, she resolved to offer no opposition to his wishes. Her arrival in Warsaw, and the details she there received, changed her purpose of not opposing, into a positive acquiescence, and she received the daughter her son proposed to her, as one, but for whom he had at that moment been laid cold in his grave, and of whose perfect ability to promote his happiness, be she Jew or Gentile, no reasonable doubt could be entertained.

Had all this been known to the sisters at Stanislowa, their happiness would have been greatly increased. Entering heart and soul into Zarifa's interest, they feared only evil results to her from the journey of their mother, for though her attachment to their brother was not known to



them, they were unable to conceive the possibility of that idolized brother being rejected: they thus believed the Lady Countess likely to become what Litta called "spoil the roast," and felt no little tribulation in the thought; their delight in the half-discovered origin of Zarifa, we need not insist on, and the rather, as it was somewhat disturbed by the gentlemen all seeming anxious, as to the legal proofs needful for establishing her right, and which were supposed to be in the keeping of Zahroun. "Surely this could not affect the moral conviction of her identity?" the sisters observed. No, but though that seemed enough for them, it was not so for the world, and as all three seemed really anxious about this matter, the two sisters took their share of the disquiet, though without seeing very clearly the reason why. Such was the state of things in the Romanowski house while the Osmanli and Englishman made their abode at Stanislowa, it was somewhat changed when they left that place. St Maur had lost his heart, and

Fedora had gained a lover, but she fought off his declaration with very praiseworthy dexterity.

"Wait Loolie," she said, "let us leave him at liberty to dispute with Kazimir for his beautiful relative, had he once seen Zarifa, he would never have looked at my pale eyes."

Encountering no misadventure, Hamet and St. Maur arrived in due time at the Rogatka Mokatomska of Warsaw; entering at this inlet, they were compelled to cross a large portion of the city before reaching their Hotel, whether, as Voleslas recommended, they chose that of Vilna, in the Ulica Długa, or stopped short at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in the Wierzbowa Ulica: to this last it was that Hamet inclined. St. Maur had seen "Hotels d'Angleterre" in various parts of Europe, and knew that their resemblance to their supposed models, the English hotels, was a thing about which there may be fairly two opinions, but the Osmanli was not to be warned, reproaching St. Maur for want of patriotism, he decided on the "English House," and thither they drove accordingly.

Next morning the credentials prepared at Stanislowa, were forwarded to the Countess, these consisted of letters from her family, as well as from the Osmanli and St. Maur. It had been agreed on all hands, that explanations offered thus, would be less embarrassing and more satisfactory than a verbal one.

This duty performed, and while waiting the proper moment for presenting themselves to the Countess, the friends went forth to view the city, or as Hamet said, "to waste their strength in needless motion;" yet had he been reluctant to remain behind, though it suited his humour to speak thus. Only half a Turk was Hamet, where indolence, intolerance, oppression or extortion were to be displayed, wholly so, if the question were of sobriety, gratitude, good faith or stout heart, for in these last does the Osmanli yield to the native of no land the sun looks on.

The Saxon Square and Palatz Brühl were examined, our friends proceeding thence to the junction of the "Cracow Suburb" with the "New World," where stands the Column of

Kopernic\*. In both of those remarkable, though very different men, Brühl and Copernicus, the wily Minister and the favoured Son of Science, St. Maur's interest was that felt by enlightened Englishmen in the great of all lands, all ages ; for Hamet, of Count Brühl he had never heard before, nor cared to hear now, but with regard to Copernicus the case was different, even to him, the Polish Astronomer was well known, but then he mingled, as do all the Orientals, ideas of the true science with those of Judicial Astrology, and now prayed, "Inshallah ! the great Magician Kopernic, were there to aid their present quest ; seeing that the truth they wanted, having fallen into the keeping of a Jew, was sure," as he said, "to be drowned in the deepest well, that the worthless wretch could find or dig for it."

"You think it certain that this Jew possesses the documents we want," observed St. Maur, "but he may refuse them, or falsify, or make away with them, if he have not already done so."

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\* Nowy Swyat.

“He may,” assented Hamet, “two piastres would buy them and himself to boot, body and soul, unless by keeping them he could hope to gain a third ; let us go at once to this—what is the place called.”

“The Franciscan Street, Effendim ; but did you not say that we should do well to see the Lady Romanowska first ? ”

“I did ! but you have infected me with your own haste and restlessness, Samor, we will go now.”

Agreeing to this, St. Maur desired their attendant to conduct them to the Franciscan Street ; but they were on foot, the distance required a carriage, and while the guide went to procure what they needed, the gentlemen paused to examine the late residence of the great and good Staszyc.

Thus occupied, a carriage stopped for a moment before the building, two ladies were in it, and fixing his eyes on one of them, a sudden colour mounted into Hamet’s usually pale face ; he pressed the arm of his friend, declaring that

there sat the very Zarifa he had seen twenty years before in her Stambouline home.

St. Maur looked eagerly, but the lady had turned her face without observing the friends and the carriage moved on, its fair occupant all unconscious of the anxious gaze that had been fixed on her.

Now this young girl was certainly not the wife of Don Xavier; but Hamet felt convinced it was her daughter, and more than ever impatient did he become for the hour when they were to wait on the ladies in the Ulica Bielanska.

Their attendant soon brought a vehicle, but before entering it St. Maur inquired if he knew the Romanowski liveries. Certainly, yes, the man did; but the family had ceased to inhabit the Palatz Romanowski, the Count Romanowski only was now in Warsaw with the army, and he used no carriage. "Then that was not a Romanowski carriage you passed a moment since?" said St. Maur. The Pole had not remarked it; but he thought not. St. Maur could thus learn

nothing from his guide, contenting himself with the certainty that he should see his long sought kinswoman before the lapse of many hours. He entered the Drosky, when they soon gained the street of Franciscans.

Hamet's disgust was unconcealed, as the dusky looking inhabitants of this ill-favoured district vociferated into his ears, each the surpassing excellence of his own commodity. Every Bazaar of the city must have poured forth its refuse, he declared, to produce the motley sight they beheld, and, apart from his anti-Judaism, he would still have thought so. Accustomed, in his own Stamboul, to see each separate article neatly arranged in its respective Bazaar, he was particularly struck by the endless variety of ill-looking wares that he now beheld jumbled together in one street—nay, in one shop—the Franciscan-street being a sort of Rag Fair, a *Fripserie*, to which the lower ranks resort for whatever their necessities may require, or their purses promise to supply.

“The Jew Zahroun? Yes, every body knew

him. That is,"—their informant corrected himself—"every body did know him when he lived there; but, if their well-born Lordships pleased, he had not done so since——" Our prudent Israelite hesitated; whether to say the "glorious" or the "unhappy" Listopada was the question. He looked at the querists, but their faces did not decide the point, so he wisely indulged in no epithet, but said simply at last, since "Listopada, when, if their noble Excellencies pleased, he had disappeared."

"And whither has he gone?" asked their noble Excellencies, not pleased at all.

Ah! that the long-coated gentleman professed not to know.

"Where is the house he lived in?" was the next question.

"It is there, high-born, sirs!" and pointing to a hideous gap, some ten paces distant, the Jew slunk into his den—possibly because he did not wish to be convicted of closer acquaintance with Zahroun the Unlucky—Zahroun the



Castigated—possibly because he thought he had said enough for nothing.

“He means yon ruin, as there is but one Allah!” said Hamet, looking confounded; not because the dwelling was torn to pieces, that was a perfectly common place matter, but because the information he sought was so much the less likely to be found there.

“Nay!” demurred the Englishman, less familiar with the idea of ruined dwellings than his friend. “He meant the house on this side, or perhaps that beyond the gap. Let us enquire further.”

They did so; but the Osmanli’s conjectures were verified in the result. Zahroun had lived where now all was a heap of rubbish; he had been called a Spy, and the consequence as to his abode was before them—what had become of the man himself, their second informant knew no more than the first.

Dispirited by an event so fatal to the enquiry they sought to institute, the friends now left

these tents of Israel, and, hastening to breathe a purer air, entered the Krasinsky Gardens, whence, the appointed hour arrived, they proceeded to where the noble House of Romanowski for the present made its home, in the dwelling of the Cornfactor's widow.

They found the Countess prepared to receive them, and already mistress of the intelligence they had transmitted to her. She confirmed the relation of her daughters, adding such description of the Jewess Salome as their early age, at the time of her arrival in Poland, prevented their affording, and partaking in the regrets expressed by her visitors at the disappearance of the Jew, as fatal to the establishment of Zarifa's claim on the possessions which St. Maur declared to be hers.

These things discussed, the Lady rose to introduce the strangers to the presence of Zarifa; but reseated herself, as a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"We will await her here, gentlemen," she said, "she does not know that I either have or

expect visitors, and will doubtless seek me in a short time. It may be, it is just possible, that she may know you, Effendim."

"I fear not, noble lady, she was too young when I lost her," returned Hamet; but the handsome Turk's remarkable appearance had caused the sagacious matron to think differently, and she rather, as nothing had since rendered such a presence as his familiar to her ward.

A caroling voice, a light step were heard approaching. "I will present you first, if you please, sir," observed the Countess, hastily, to St. Maur. Thus speaking, she placed herself in such sort that Hamet should not at first be in view of the entering lady. Another moment, and the door opened; a beautiful vision met the eyes of the Englishman—it was Zarifa; and Hamet, unseen himself, beheld again the lady of the carriage.

Colouring slightly on perceiving the stranger, whom the Countess merely presented as a friend of the Colonel Berkovicz, Zarifa yet returned his

salutation with infinite grace, and advanced into the room. A second step, and the distinguished figure of Hamet caught her view. A remarkable change was instantly seen on the fair face of Zarifa, her eyes extended suddenly, and she took a pace rapidly towards him; then stopped. Her self possession had wholly forsaken her. Turning to the Countess, she asked in a quivering voice, "Who is he?" but not waiting reply, her looks again fixed on the Turk. "Ah! my vision! this is what I have so tried to see clearly—so constantly seen in shadow!" she exclaimed, at each word moving closer towards the object of her regards. One step only did he make towards the half-bewildered girl, when she threw herself on his bosom as her natural resting place, and gave way to the feelings that shook her.

How quickly had passed what the heavy pen describes so slowly! how many a word is here! yet all was the work of the short space wherein the Countess and St. Maur had found time to exchange a glance. When their eyes again

sought Zarifa, she was looking up to the towering form bending over and supporting her. She met the fine benevolent face beaming fondness, and looked fixedly at the features for a moment, then spoke rapidly, and as if she could not claim her recovered treasure fast enough,—


“Yes, I see! I know! but why have you kept so long from me? Oh! I have gone back to when it was mine before, this face.” She raised her small snow hand to the bearded face of the Osmanli, as vivid recollections of her childhood became present to her; these were possessing her every thought and feeling. She smiled brightly into those kindest eyes, through the tears of joy that were lingering in her own, and the tone was of even infantine gladness with which she greeted him—“My father! my own! my father!”

It was impossible to hear this without emotion; the Countess did not restrain her tears, and St. Maur would have hated the man who should just then have caused him to speak, so

violently was his throat affected by the touching tones of that sweet voice.

Zarifa had withdrawn her gentle clasp from the form it scarcely compassed, but it was only to possess herself of Hamet's hand, to place herself close by his side on the sofa, to which she led him, and again to look eagerly up to that face, every feature of which quivered with irrepressible emotion.

"Am I not the happiest creature?" she exclaimed, forgetful of all save the Osmanli's self; "but how has it all happened? and why have I never seen you since——since——" She paused——her thoughts seemed to struggle in the attempt to regain a clue too far gone for recovery, yet incessantly seeming as though it might be seized, if only those indistinct and fleeting indications that visited her, would for one moment remain fixed: but no, they were too shadowy—too vague and unformed; she could realise nothing substantial in the past, and, giving up the effort, she again looked brightly up to the eyes so fondly fixed on



her—again hailed the stranger as her own, own father !

“Never did father love his child more perfectly,” replied the Osmanli, his voice at length restored “Never was child more beloved of father than thou hast been, and art of me, nor did thine infancy know any other parent than myself; but it has not pleased Allah to endow me so richly;” and hesitating for an instant, as the wondering eyes of Zarifa fixed on him with fearful earnestness, Hamet then told the outline of her parents’ history, concealing the unhappy cause of her mother’s death, and touching lightly on that of her father, but ending by making her aware of her true position, and by presenting St. Maur as the brother of her lost parent.

Zarifa did not fail to acknowledge this last announcement with due feeling, nor had she been unmoved by the slight history just recited to her ; but not the less did she cling with unrelaxing tenacity to the hand she clasped in both her own,

nor cease raising it at times to her lips, her eyes, her cheek, and pressing it fast and close, as though she could not sufficiently assure herself that its possession was reality, her looks meanwhile fixed steadily on the presence so entirely dear to her.

In the latter part of Hamet's relation, and when his thoughts had gone back to the days when the two cherubs he sheltered, made his life one long bright blessing, he had suddenly resumed his own language, it was but for a moment, recollection at once returned, and he again spoke the French that was now his constant medium of communication, but a word had caught Zarifa's ear, she selected it at once from the few he had uttered, repeating it with a radiant smile.

"Feribyuruk! was it my name? it surely was! Feribyuruk! say it once more!"

The delighted Osmanli obeyed, declaring that so in his fondness he had been wont to call her. "Feribyuruk," "my heart's delight," as the




word might be rendered in the Frangi tongues. "Such thou wert, such thou art, and wilt be to me," continued Hamet; the look with which Zarifa met his deeply affectionate gaze, sufficiently replying.

It was now proposed that the strangers should be presented to Kazimir; at the mention of whose name by the Countess, St. Maur glanced at Zarifa, but her confident and happy look was meeting that of the Lady Romanowska unabashed, though a slight color rose to her cheek. This was somewhat at variance with his preconceived notions, "time will show," thought he to himself; and time as usual did so. To the Osmanli, Romanowski was as yet but the son of the stranger, he knew not, nor thought of, the conclusions at which St. Maur had arrived, and thus he declined the visit for that day, entreating permission from the Countess to retire to his hotel; this, after some opposition was granted, and Hamet withdrew, watched to the last moment by his restored child, and receiving many

a charge to reappear quickly, as he valued his quiet, which else she warned him would incur some risk of invasion by her own appearance in person at his hotel.

The remainder of that day was passed in solitude by the Osmanli, who, though no bigoted or pharisaic wrangler for the "tithe of mint and cummin," was yet profoundly attached to his Creed in its essential observances. Free from the exaggerated prejudices of vulgar minds, though not entirely so from much that we hold to be error, Hamet presented a fair specimen of Mahometanism, in its least revolting form. He now retired to pour out his thankfulness of spirit before the universal Allah, God alike of Islamite and Christian, and we leave him reverently to the restoring and chastening influences which he sought.



## CHAPTER XI.

Come hither brethren ; let us worship God, and pay our last duty to the dead.

He hath forsaken his kindred, and approacheth the grave, may the Lord grant him repose.

He must dwell in darkness, and be buried among the silent, we bear a motionless insensible corpse to the grave, entreating for him eternal rest.

From the "Aspasmus,"  
A portion of the Russian burial service.

THE sun of the following day had scarcely risen when Hamet proposed proceeding to the Uliça Bielanska. "It is too early, Effendim," objected St. Maur ; tell me rather, what is this casket which is never absent from your sight, and which,

carrying it about with you constantly, as you do, I marvel you have not lost long since.

“Inshallah ! the marvel were if I had lost it ; this casket contains a gift from my Sovereign Lord, a present from the Sultan to—”

“A present !” interrupted St. Maur, with most un-Eastern impetuosity ; “did you not say that you had laid down your official character and would travel altogether as a private person ?”

“I did say that, Oh Effendim, and it was true, but your haste to speak, made you cut short my words, before they could tell you what, and for whom intended, is the gift I name.”

St. Maur laughed at this reproof, as the Osmanli had expected, but the perfect gravity with which the latter waited till he should cease, changed his first light exercise to very peals of laughter ; when these had subsided, Hamet proceeded to explain.

“I told you that a woman’s cry of distress had once well nigh cost me my life, you say we may not yet seek the abode that my Feribyruruk makes

bright with her presence, I will therefore turn mueddah\* for your service and relate how it chanced."

"You know what befel in the unhappy year, 1240, called by you Christians, 1829, it was marked by the displeasure of the Prophet (to whom be salutation), he turned his face from his children, the foes of the Faith saw his standard, and yet lived! such was the will of Allah.

"The Son of Yellowness, the barbarous Muscove, held our Ports on the Kara Degniz, which you call the Euxine, but the Capitan Pasha was on his skirts, and I had permission from my Sublime Master (may his glory never diminish) to join Achmet Papooshdgi in his cruise.

"A secret purpose was added to my expressed one, which last was that of witnessing the manœuvres of a war-ship just commissioned. I had heard that a young Ingliz was unjustly detained by the Russ, though the two Nations were at peace;

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\* Mueddah, Story-teller.

and, as I could not gain information exact enough to warrant an application to your Ambassador, I resolved to see for myself, with the blessing of Allah, what the truth of the matter might be; to this end I effected a landing on the coast near Encada, for here, in a spot given up to the Angel of Death, a very grave for whoever dared breathe its mephitic air, was the Ingliz said to be detained.

“It was well I had not too hastily published my information—the traveller was there—but staying with the Muscoves by choice, and just then about to depart, having discovered how unhealthy was the district. I proceeded, therefore, to regain my boat; but first, because the Greek who had lured me thither was proved a treacherous and conscious liar, I bestowed on him a kind of reward that he would scarcely give thanks to his Panagia\* for sending. I had left this Son of Satan, and his yells were still in my ears,

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\* Panagia, the Virgin, so called in the Greek Church.

when a noise of a different kind assailed them ; I believed it the cry of a woman in distress, and sped after the sound as I best might. The cry was repeated, I soon saw two dark figures before me, and in the grey of the morning, such was the hour ; a white one was also visible, some hapless woman, as I doubted not, borne to captivity by those who led her. I had got to some distance from the shore and my boat ; suddenly the recollection of this occurred to me, but the fugitives, with their prey were just before me, I bounded on, a few steps only were between us, when the veiled figure turned round, tore herself, as I believed, from her captors, and rushed towards me, followed by them ; but when I would have passed her, to interpose myself between her and those I deemed her pursuers, the veil was thrown back and I beheld the hideous features of a Kozak Donski\*.

“At the same instant my arms were secured

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\* Kozak Donski, Cossack of the Don.

by one behind, and I saw myself in the power of ruffians, from whose hands it was to Azrael the Angel of Death only, that I looked for deliverance. I was alone, knowing the service on which I was entering to be one of some danger I had permitted no attendance, for who could have the same interest as myself in the young Ingliz ; thus I felt death certain, and commended my soul to Allah, nor the less confidently for that my last hour had found me seeking to serve the Infidel ; our Creed, if rightly read, teaches that good may be done to all.

“ Suddenly these wretches began to dispute, perhaps about my spoils ; but I know not, by Allah’s blessing I am innocent of all acquaintance with the beastly jargon they speak. Their quarrel saved my life. A young officer appeared on the heights, and guessing, from what he saw, the pious work his people had risen so early to perform, he galloped down and was soon in the midst of the group. To this youth I explained in French the cause of what he beheld ; but



though the miscreants were startled by his apparition, to the degree of removing their offensive hands from my person, they refused to leave the place at his bidding.

“ I knew enough of their discipline to be sure that the crime of disobedience to their officer might possibly be followed by his murder, to conceal it ; their wolfish eyes soon spoke of this to each other, but they told it to him and to me also, one glance between us sufficed. I had resumed my scimitar, once their polluting fingers were off me ; their pistols were levelled, but we set on them, beating these down ; half paralysed by a sense of wickedness and the unusual act of attacking their own officer, their impure souls were soon with Satan, all but one, who had thrown down his arms and received his life as a gift, of which he was however unlikely to make any good use.

“ This over, I threw my scimitar, far as my arm could contrive, among the neighbouring bushes, for I concluded myself captive, though not to my

first assailants, and felt my temper most ungracefully ruffled by that event; but my deliverer undeceived me quickly 'I had been decoyed,' he observed, 'first by the worthless Greek, whose character and purposes were known to him; and next, by the savages we had punished; I was now therefore free to depart.' Fearing to compromise the youth, I determined to wait until his superior at the station should have been consulted; but his decision also was favorable, and my new friend attended me to the shore, with a politeness that might have done honour to a son of Islam. He was not a Russian but a Polak, which, perhaps, made the fact of his civility the less remarkable; yet his Commander, also a youth, and but one degree in authority above himself, was a Russ, and I might have learned to know that all Muscoves are not barbarous, from him, who was surely a Son of Honour.

"I could not prevail with my friend to accept any token from the many jewels he rescued for

me, and which in common with Osmanlis of such station, as the Sultan had been pleased to bestow on me, I wore; neither have my enquiries since availed to find him, the place was never tenanted formore than ten days together by the same troops, nor even thus long, but at cost of life; so deadly are the miasmata engendered there: the superior of these two young men was but a Yuz Bashi, or Captain, though Commander of that little fort; and all my enquiries for Kizmeer Aga,—‘Kizmeer,’ he called my deliverer—have hitherto been useless. On returning to Stamboul, I related the whole affair to my Sovereign, and it pleased him to say that a fitting gift from himself was due to the man who had saved his servant’s life, this I have always since kept at hand, as yonder casket bears witness, in the hope that a second meeting with that youth, is among the things decreed for me by Khismet. Here too especially, is there chance for it, if War and the Angel of Sickness have spared him, as I trust they have, for he was a good youth, and has helped to

teach me a lesson that, after all, I have but imperfectly learned, and am but too apt to forget, namely that the creatures of Allah are to be all held in charity, even though all have not their eyes opened to the perception of the truth, and so reject the Prophet of Prophets (to whom be always salutation.)”

“How! the followers of Moses?” enquired St. Maur, wickedly. “Are even they deserving of sufferance.”

“Even they, my son, if our passions did not blind us to their rights. Yet it follows not that we must tolerate their vices, when they make themselves the children of Eblis (on whom be curses). I accept, nevertheless, thy reproof. I am too bitter against them, most of all against Zahroun, and may profit by it—will do so, by Allah’s help, as thou shalt see, if we find him.”

Thrown off his intended sport by Hamet’s gravity, St. Maur again spoke of the Pole, whose arrival had been so opportune for the Osmanli.

“It was so; but you Frangis have so many

names that I may scarcely hope to find him, because I know him but by one."

"Surely not Effendim, unless that one be his family name. This we can enquire about."

"But why surely not? Am not I Hamet? Yet you would not vainly ask for me in our Stamboul, if I were at my own city."

"Because you are of eminence, and distinguished."

"Now, yes; thanks to my Sovereign's bounty, perhaps I am; but when your brother lifted me from the dust—then what was I but Hamet? yet easily found. Hamet Hamal; Hamet, the Porter; Hamet Isplatahdgi, the Ferryman, what would you more? When it pleased the Sultan to cast on me the light of his looks, I became Hamet Bostandgi the 'Guardsmen,' or strictly 'Gardener,' for from that division of the Sultan's slaves was the Bostandgi corps first formed. The word Bostandgi in your tongue is 'Gardener;' this name I hold still, and am well

known by it, as is our Capitan Pasha by that of Achmet Papooshdgi."

"Aye, to my very great amusement," declared St. Maur; "if our Lord High Admiral had ever been a Shoemaker, he would scarcely publish that from his quarter-deck, or engrave the same on his visiting card; 'Achmet Papooshdgi, Capitan Pasha, Achmet the Shoemaker, Lord High Admiral!'" and again St. Maur laughed, *à gorge déployée*, as he fancied the effect of such an announcement on a British circle.

"Yes, laugh," said the Moslem, "your's is the age for laughing; but I have not the less lost my friend by your many names, which is a proof that they are worse than nothing."

"Not so, Effendim; your logic is false, the loss you regret only proves—but 'tis time to seek my cousin, or rather my niece. Will it please you to accompany me, Hamet Effendi?"

Well content with this summons, Hamet rose

at once, nor insisted on delaying till his young friend had proved him in the wrong.

Soon arrived in Bielanska-street, they were this day led to the invalid's apartment; but the formal introduction was displaced by a glad recognition between the Osmanli and Romanowski. "Kizmeer Aga! by the might of Allah! My Osmanli friend, as I live," were phrases uttered almost at the same instant by both. Explanations were given and received; this morning passing like the last, or if not in the renewal of old affection, at least in that of kindly feeling, which was likely to become such, time allowing.

Respect for his Master forbade Hamet to be silent as to the honour conferred on Kazimir by the Sultan's gift; but seeing the state of the recipient, he now mentioned it with a feeling of pain. Added to a magnificent aigrette of diamonds, was a sword-hilt of exceeding splendour, and fitly to match this, the Osmanli had himself provided the finest of Damascus blades

ready for mounting, whenever the destined possessor should be met withal;—and here he now was, but where the arm to wield the weapon? Alas, alas! Still Kazimir would examine the gift, though he could not use it. With what feelings he bent over that steel, so beautiful in his warrior eyes, it would be vain to say, all can imagine them; but on raising his head, after a pause of melancholy import, it was the anxiously observant eyes of Zarifa that met his own, and his face at once brightened in their beaming gaze.

“I am weaponed like a Paladin of old,” he exclaimed gaily; “I want only his pith and marrow to wield the blade.” Again a shade of sadness crossed his brow. “Yet I could not fight the battles of our Polska to any purpose, had I a thousand right arms,” he thought to himself; “then what matter for the one I have lost.” Once more he looked at Zarifa with brightening eyes, when the Countess declared to the noble Osmanli and St. Maur, how rare a gift she had



herself presented to her son but a few days since, nor did either gentleman feel disposed to gainsay it, or use his authority for reclaiming Zarifa, since she evinced no dislike to being appropriated in the manner just announced to them.

The hours flew by, our friends being presented in turn to the most distinguished of Poland's defenders, all of whom then in the Capital crowded around the couch of Kazimir. More particularly did they make the acquaintance of the illustrious Skrznecki, a man comprising in his own person whatever may best adorn the human character. But the surgical attendants of Romanowski declared that his recovery was much delayed by the exciting narrations that his late brothers-in-arms constantly brought him of passing events: feverish symptoms supervened, to the great disquietude of his zealous medical attendants, to say nothing of the alarm felt by his nearer friends. These were happily overcome, but his removal from the city

was strongly insisted on, and preparations for it proceeded rapidly.

St. Maur had written to the old Hebrew, Nathan Ben Zakaria, who was still in Dantzic, requesting intelligence of Zahroun ; but the Jew's reply could be forwarded to Stanislowa, whither Hamet and himself determined to accompany the Countess, Count Kazimir, and Zarifa.

One morning the last-named was preparing to visit the city, for the purpose of making certain purchases, preparatory to her departure ; more especially had she been entreated by Anna Gadowska to lay in large provision of a certain stuff called Ravendok, greatly prized by the said Anna, as a fabric unrivalled for making aprons to her maidens, petticoats for her poorer neighbours, &c. &c.

Yes, by all means, Zarifa would buy her a shop-full of this desirable thing ! “ Never fear, Anna, you shall see it abound to your heart's content ! ” On that expedition, Zarifa's beloved foster-father, Hamet Effendi, accompanied his

child, he busily teaching her many a Turkish phrase, "the which to hear" did dear Zarifa "seriously incline." On they drove, teaching and learning, a well-pleased pair, unless when jewellers, mercers, and other important personages put a stop to the lesson, by exhibiting their wares.

Not that this was the solemn occasion—the weighty—the important—that on which a lady conclave must soon be convened; no, the Countess herself, no less a person, would take charge of that—this was a slight skirmishing sort of shopping—yet was it no trifling hindrance to that study of language at which we have hinted. Zarifa was pleased, however, and it followed thence that so was Hamet; "but the Ravendok! the Ravendok, Zarifa! don't forget the Ravendok!" She won't forget it, never fear her—'tis essential to the very peace of Anna to have large store of this same linen fabric, and even now is her young commissioner enquiring for it.

No; it was not in the Cracow suburb, that

homely material. In the Senatorska-street? the civil tradesman thought not; but it might be bought in the Ulica Franciscana. Zarifa shuddered; not that she had forgotten it of late, still less had she neglected to think anxiously of Zahroun; but suddenly named, it brought up sad thoughts and made her pale.

The mercer concluded this street to be objectionable from its inelegant character, and observed that the stuff might be found in the Ulica Podval, but that this place would be equally disagreeable to the lady. To the Ulica Podval they drove nevertheless; but on leaving the Senatorska, were perceived by St. Maur, who joined the party.

It is known to all who know Warsaw, that the Ulica Podval is a street running under the old walls of the city, and with avenues leading into the latter from many a squalid district. At the entrance to one of these a crowd had collected, and the carriage stopped to wait until others, now choking the way, should proceed.

Deep in a dingy lane, now densely filled by the populace, whose numbers overflowed into the main street, was an object on which all eyes were fixed. This was a sort of heavy framework. It was moving towards our waiting friends, but by what agency could not be seen for the crowd—most probably it was borne along in the hands of those immediately about it.

The ample draperies of Hamet's person were interposed between Zarifa and that window of the carriage nearest to the crowded lane ; for, though partly reconciled to the slight veil proper to Zarifa's Parisian costume, he thought it not enough in this mass of the profane vulgar. He had soon reason to applaud his precaution, the framework before alluded to became fixed at a few paces distant : it was at once seen to present the ill-omened form of the gallows, and the purpose for which so many persons were assembled was soon apparent.

There was a sort of rocking and heaving amongst this crowd, but none of the noises so

common to large assemblages of the kind ; even this movement soon ceased, and all eyes were eagerly turned on the instrument of execution. Across the transverse beam, a rope was presently seen to move, slowly, serpent-like, then a hollow growl, a sort of groan rather than shout, arose from the crowd, and, together with this sound, appeared the suspended body of a tall and largely formed woman. The back of the suffocating creature was towards Hamet, and he did not see the features of the face ; but her struggles were frightful, and the sudden shock held him motionless. A woman, and put to death thus ! not that woman is spared the penalty of her misdeeds in Turkey, the most severe and summary punishment follows on every lapse, but never exposure ! The sack, the sheltering sack, hides all, whether she drown or lose her head, of which last punishment examples have of late been frequent. Hamet felt the spectacle he now beheld to be most revolting, yet gazed on it, with eyes riveted as though

the sight were a fascination; slowly the dying creature swung on that fatal tree, and as the profile became presented to the Osmanli, he perceived that a kind of basket was fastened to the neck, and rested on the chest of the suspended figure. The contents of this basket were Bapkas, Kringles, and coarse sweetmeats of various sorts, commonly sold in the streets of Warsaw; and the front of it was covered by a white paper, on which he perceived an inscription, the name, perhaps, and crime of the culprit; still did that ghastly form vibrate slowly on its dark support, the crowd standing in silent observation, and Hamet too remaining with eyes fixed on the gradually stilling victim. The full front of the corse was now turned towards the Osmanli. A covering concealed the face, but the arm of a man, raised by his fellows for the purpose, was suddenly extended, the covering was withdrawn, and Hamet beheld the features of the Hebrew, Zahroun.

Sixteen years had elapsed since those ghastly

features had met the eyes of the Osmanli ; but, except that the dirty brown beard had become grizzled, they were little changed, and in spite of the started eyeballs, the contorted mouth, and drawn corrugated brow, they were instantly recognized by the shocked beholder.

The face of their disguised prey thus given to view, that crowd, hitherto so silent, sent forth a cry which rent the very heavens, and Zarifa—startled out of the conversation in which St. Maur, after a glance at what was acting near, had been careful to engage her attention—Zarifa turned towards the scene of horror in affright ; fortunately the body had been lowered and she did not perceive it, but Hamet, descending from the carriage, was making his way through the mass of people, and in terror for his safety, Zarifa entreated St. Maur to follow him.

“ But how can I leave you ? ” objected St. Maur.

“ He might do so with safety,” she declared, “ none would molest her, close the windows and

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follow him, lest he be hurt in that frightful crowd," she repeated; and St. Maur, reflecting that the Romanowski carriage was a sufficient protection, in a city where the name was so much respected, at length obeyed her: pursuing him with her eyes, Zarifa soon saw the active Englishman by the side of his friend, whose tall form was conspicuous by its height as well as costume. Hamet seemed to be examining something that lay at his feet, what dismal thing that was she had happily no means of guessing; the Osmanli stooped low, so did St. Maur, but both rose almost immediately, and from their gestures it would seem that some point they had sought to ascertain had been decided to their disappointment.

Occupied with her friends, Zarifa neglected to observe that she was herself an object of notice. Low murmurs passed among those nearest the carriage, to the effect that it belonged to the Romanowski family; doubtless the Lady was of the Romanowski house. Hereupon the more forward of the crowd were borne back and

shouldered off by a number of persons whose appearance betokened some little superiority to the mass, and a space was soon cleared around the carriage, though Zarifa perceived not the attention. In a few moments the word Romanowski was caught up by the distant people, and instantly "Viva, viva!" was uttered on all sides. "Romanowski! viva, viva!"

An instant after and above all these outcries a shrill sharp voice was heard to invoke her own name in appealing tones of frantic eagerness. "Panienka! Lady Zarifa! I am hanged!" and tearing himself loose from those who held him, the boy Nikolaj burst through the crowd, holding his throat as though to keep off the halter, and darting into the open space that had been partially cleared around the Lady, he clung to the carriage wheel.

Shocked at the boy's evident terror, which was obviously rendering him half mad, yet seeing nothing to cause it, for she knew not of the tragedy just completed beside her, Zarifa be-

lieved him to have become indeed a maniac, so wild were his looks, so inexplicable the declaration he still reiterated, that "He was hanged!" She was about to speak to him, when the Osmanli and St. Maur came to her assistance, sparing her further pain, by the assurance that they would have care of the boy. Unaware of the extremity in which the Russian stood, Zarifa drew back into her shelter, while the gentlemen retiring beyond her hearing, proceeded to negotiate with those who held authority among the people. It was entirely true that Nikolaj had been destined to succeed his late master on the fatal beam; but Zarifa's few hasty words had enabled her friends to assure the people that he was known to the Romanowski family, and had even served no long time since its present head, Count Kazimir, whom all knew. Appeased by the one victim they had immolated, the populace at length agreed to a proposition made by their leaders, and gave up the boy to the charge of that Noble, St. Maur declaring that the Count

would be answerable for his future conduct. Addressing the principals in French, a language commonly used in Poland, Hamet also succeeded in rescuing the remains of Zahroun from being dragged through the city, as it was intended that they should be, and dispositions were made for their removal to the Synagogue of his people, to whom they were resigned. This arranged, the gentlemen gave Nikolaj to the care of the servants, and rejoined Zarifa ; but they deemed it needless that the events of this wretched morning should be fully made known to her, and they were never told. She had not loved Zahroun, nor held him as a parent ; but had yet been deeply anxious for his safety, and reliance on the Russian boy's assurance to that effect had been a source of consolation. That his master was now dead, Nikolaj was instructed to admit, in what manner he had died was not declared. It was more than probable that, shrewd and observant as Nicolaj was, he would have pursued this plan, even if left to his own devices, once his wits had had time

to recover themselves from the total rout they had been put to by the visible presence of the gallows. Aware that Zarifa believed herself no daughter of Zahroun, he had yet seen her constantly to perform a daughter's duty, and had sense enough to know that even now, when all doubts were removed, a strong feeling must remain to Zarifa of interest in Zahroun, and much pain be lastingly felt by her, if made aware of his frightful end.

Poor Nikolaj, he had been faithful to his master even to the last, so was he now respectful towards his memory, and it soon became understood in the kitchen of Gadomska that the Jew was not to be reviled in Nikolaj's presence. This, in a country where, as in Poland, an unfaithful servant is thought a kind of monster, was not without its influence, and the Russian boy was soon respected among his fellows.

Finding Nikolaj tolerably reassured, after a few hours of Anna's excellent care, St. Maur got together all the scraps of Polish he could muster,

all the Russian words he had picked up in his late travels, and, aided by the Russ boy's acquisitions in French, established a communication, by way of seeking to ascertain if he knew where Zahroun held deposits of papers, &c.

Equally anxious to tell as St. Maur to hear, when made aware of the Gospodar\* Ingliz's relationship to the Panienka, Nikolaj gladly agreed to guide him to the ruin where the house of Zahroun had been ; but fearful of compromising the boy's safety, St. Maur deferred his visit to it till daybreak of the following morning. Then, attended by his own servant and the Russian, he proceeded thither.

The party descended into a vault, half filled with rubbish ; clearing away a portion of which from the side wall of the cellar, Nikolaj removed a stone, a part, as it seemed, of the wall. This he placed carefully beside him, and continuing his work, gave to view a small door. Pressing a

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\* Gospodar, Russ word, signifying Master, Lord.

spring that seemed familiar to him, the boy opened the door, when an aperture was discovered, whence, with some difficulty, a dark carved chest was lifted out. This he declared to contain his master's papers and other valuables. He now closed all as he had found it, nothing less would satisfy the careful Russ, though to what end he took this trouble it was difficult to divine. All then left the dreary hole, half suffocated by its hateful odours, and gladly reascended to purer air.

St. Maur next proceeded to the dwelling of the Rabbi to whose synagogue Nikolaj affirmed his late master to belong. Here he left the cabinet, first sealing it, and fixing an hour for seeing it opened in the presence of that authority.

At the time appointed, St. Maur, with his Eastern friend, reached the Rabbi's house, and the cabinet was unclosed in their presence: it was entirely empty, and their disappointment was extreme. Vainly did the Englishman try

every drawer, and sound each part with his fingers, in the hope of discovering some concealed place of deposit. There was none. The weight of the chest itself was so considerable, that no thought of its being empty had occurred to St. Maur. His vexation knew no bounds, and he paced the chamber with hasty steps, while Hamet remained calmly seated, now considering the vacant depositary, now looking attentively at the Jewish Priest.

"Let us go," said the Englishman, impatiently, "there is nothing for it but waiting for those letters from Dantzic."

"Not so, Samor Effendi; we will stay," returned Hamet, fixing his eyes on the Jew, whose clear cold glance met his gaze unquailing. After a moment's pause the latter spoke, addressing Hamet:—

"Effendim, you judge rightly; I can inform you of the contents of this chest, and will do so. I have not forgotten who it was that but two moons since saved the treasures entrusted to me



from spoliation, and rescued my honour from ruin—myself from the lash. Effendim, is your servant remembered? I see that he is.”

“Thou art right, Jew, I remember thee,” declared the Osmanli, “and am content that thy memory also is good; let us hear what thou hast to tell.”

The Rabbi now produced certain packages, each carefully sealed. These he said were entrusted to him, not by Zahroun, but by the dying Salome: that they had been kept by the Jewess, in the cabinet now before him, he knew, for thence had he seen her take them; but wherefore Zahroun had afterwards deposited the chest where it was found, or when he had abstracted whatever might have been hidden therein, the Rabbi knew not.

On examining the packets deposited by Salome, one was found to be addressed “to Vasif Pasha, through the hands of Hamet Isplatahdgi of Istamboul.” “And wherefore has not this been sent to me?” enquired Hamet.

“The next will say, Effendim,” replied the

Rabbi ; and on this was found inscribed, in good Turkish, “for the hands of Hamet Isplatahdgi—to be sent with the packet for Vasif Pasha, after my death and that of Zahroun—not before.” “Effendim,” the Priest continued, when Hamet had read this, “You now see why I have delayed—the man Zahroun died not till yesterday.”

The address of Salome to Hamet was found to contain a full explication of the manner in which the children had been abstracted. The extent of her crime was admitted and deplored by the Jewess ; but the unpremeditated character of the deed, with the temptation to which she had yielded, was also described ; and after a fearful history of her consequent remorse and sufferings,—of how the thought of what he himself, always her kind friend, must endure, had been to her as it were molten lead poured ceaselessly on the quivering fibres,—she implored Hamet’s forgiveness in language deeply pathetic. To this was added a very minute account of the little Vasif’s illness and death, and of the young life of his sister up to the last days of the evi-

dently heart-broken Jewess. Salome told how the suspicions of Zarifa, as to her freedom from connection with the Hebrew race, had lent added bitterness to her own punishment; yet she acknowledged the justice of all. Finally, the Isplatahdgi was desired to read the paper addressed to Vasif Pasha—with whose death Salome was not acquainted—and to use his own discretion as to presenting it or not. Salome had prepared it, thinking its testimony might be useful to establish the claim of Zarifa on that Noble's relationship and protection. This last paper, with certain details relative to the marriage of the Spaniard and his Eastern bride, the birth of their children, &c., was but a repetition in part, of that addressed to Hamet.

These documents the Osmanli secured in his vest, then proceeded to examine packages also presented by the Rabbi. First was a small leather case, holding an acknowledgment by the Priest, Father Luis, of marriage performed by him between Don Xavier De Los Morenos and

the Christian daughter of Vasif Pasha. The signatures of Carlos and of Hamet himself attested the document, to which old Uldeh, the Ottoman lady's nurse, had also set her sign : with this was found the portrait of a lady, which St. Maur declared to be a miniature copy of one that yet hung in his late father's dressing-closet, and was the likeness of Don Diego's Spanish wife. A gold frame was also here, much bent and injured, with marks of having been jewelled ; but the stones were not present. Lastly was presented a small casket of gold coins, and with these things a few words in Salome's writing, declaring them to be the undoubted property of the Spaniard, and now of his child.

She did not explain further ; but Hamet readily divined, that these were fragments of that deposit which he had ever believed Don Xavier to have left with the Jew, and which his wife, on discovering them, had wrung from the grasp of Zahroun.

It may here be added, that the letter after-

wards received from Nathan Ben Zakaria, then on the eve of departure for the Sea of Tiberias, did but announce his own total want of information ; but this had then become matter of no importance, a declaration to which effect was at once returned to the old Israelite, with slight mention of his brother's death, and letters, sure to console and be valued, from his always dear Zarifa, whose now changed position was fully described to him.

The friends next enquired as to the dispositions for Zahroun's committal to earth ; these were duly made, the Rabbi assured them, adding that Nikolaj, after attending the English gentleman with the cabinet, had visited the corpse of his dead master, and had reverently placed a small billet between the dead fingers. Being questioned as to the import of this, the Russ boy had declared it to be a recommendation from his own Greek bishop, to his patron, St. Nikolaj, a document, to him of inestimable value, which he had hitherto guarded religiously : it was

his dead mother's sole legacy, procured by her for the benefit of her boy ; yes, it was not a thing to be lightly resigned, but it was possible for Nikolaj to procure another like it, and the one he now bestowed on his late master would infallibly procure him entrance to heaven, if only the Saint would mistake him for a good Christian, as by help of this paper the boy devoutly hoped might chance. Zahroun with his rough beard would look not unlike a Russian Mujick, no doubt St. Nikolaj would think him one, and his namesake found no clause in his moral code that forbade him to put this change on the Saint.

"Did the Rabbi know what had finally brought the Jew Zahroun to the miserable end they had witnessed ?" asked St. Maur.

"He did," and proceeded to describe the event : "it is well known to, you Effendim," said the Rabbi, "that my brethren of Poland send funds for the use of our Chief, the Prince of the Bondage, to that one among our ancient seats in Asia, which he may for the time inhabit."

“This your custom is not unknown to me,” assented Hamet.

“It was charged with these monies that I was journeying, when saved by yourself from the Sultan Mahmoud’s rapacity.”

“Blaspheme not the name of a great monarch,” said Hamet, sternly, “thou art old, thy beard is grey, knowest thou not that Truth comes ever deeply veiled to the presence of the earth’s crowned rulers? did not the penetration of my Sublime Master remove, for thy benefit, the Mahrahmah that covered her, when evil men had maligned thee?”

“By your aid, oh Effendim, it did! though the Seraskier and the Tefterdar, with the Patrona-Bey and the Kislal-Agha——”

“Do not calumniate his servants either; no one harmed thee Jew, remember that, and be thankful!”

“Sultanûm, I do remember, and am thankful to him, towards whom my gratitude is due, even to yourself, Effendim; so are my brethren, as our

next messenger to Islambol was charged with the means of proving. Connected with this last circumstance was the occasion of Zahroun's unhappy death, as I will now proceed to show.

“The man this year chosen to bear the subsidy of the Warsavian Israelites to the Prince of the Bondage, was Johanan Ben Hickedel, a man well esteemed of his people. This Johanan had it in command to meet an agent of the Prince of the Bondage at Edrene, called otherwise Adrianople, and to deposit with him our contributions; he was thence to proceed to Islambol, and there to lay at your own feet, oh Sultanûm, the grateful acknowledgments and humble gifts of my brethren, for who else had delivered my life from the spoiler.

“But what chanced! behold, Johanan had made only three days journey from the Capital, even Warsaw, when he discovered that the treasure entrusted to his care had been stolen from him, and he returned to us, his brethren, a broken-hearted and dishonoured man.



“The principal servant of Johanan fell under our suspicions, but he took all the prophets to witness that he was innocent, and called for our most awful and solemn ordeals, in a manner so truth-like, that we could not retain our belief in his culpability. Straightly questioned as to the events of the journey, this man, even Simeon Ben Izaak, declared, that a brother Israelite had sojourned with him two days, from the time of their leaving the city, to that before the one on which Johanan’s misfortune was discovered.

“Simeon had taken pity on him because his life was threatened by the multitude, and had permitted him secretly to join the party, without first consulting his master Johanan. This man had left them on the second day of the journey, and him did Ben Izaak declare to be the thief. His master bade us give credit to his words, and we did so, for the soul of the servant was disquieted within him, and he spake not as one who is a liar.

“But when we questioned him further, Simeon would explain nothing, he did but affirm that

he knew the offender, and would find him with speed, adding gloomily, that the Avenger was on his track.

“Yesterday morn, as the sun rose, came Ben Izaak to the Synagogue, declaring that he had found the robber, even Zahroun Ben Zakaria, but, when commanded to deliver him to the brethren, Simeon replied that he had already given him into the hands of those who had before been seeking his life: these were men into whose counsels Zahroun had entered to betray them; on whom he had made himself a Spy, hired by the gold of the Rulers: these men called him the enemy of the Polish nation, and declared that he should that day die the death.

“Rebuking Ben Izaak for his revengeful deed, we yet acceded to his request that one of our body would go with him to require from Zahroun the confession of his fault. But we could not gain access to his prison, already had he nearly escaped, by aid of the Russian Nikolaj, whose own life was nearly forfeited by that attempt, and

this had given rise to redoubled caution on the part of his gaolers : hence too the disguise in which Zahroun had met his fate; that dress having been provided by Nikolaj, as the one best suited to favour his flight. Ben Izaak was in despair, how should he now clear his injured character ! his own misdeed threatened to work him ruin : but, seeing the sufferings of the man, I reminded him that even yet we might approach Zahroun, though only at the foot of the gallows. It was a service of some danger, and I resolved to be present, we succeeded, and received from our unhappy brother, in that his last hour, the few words needful to establish Simeon's innocence ; Zahroun made known to us the place wherein he had concealed the spoil, and, even as you, Effen-dim, entered my house, did I finish counting it, before the elders, before Johanan, and his exonerated servant. All was exact, not a coin, not a jewel was missing, and to obtain this treasure, which yet availed him nothing, did our unhappy brother give himself to destruction."

"It is the history of his life," observed Hamet after a pause, but he spoke mournfully and without bitterness; "passing from crime to crime, and reaping from each and all the bitter fruit that must follow, to him who plants the seeds of evil, so has he ended. Allah Akbar, God is great!"

The Moslem remained awhile in solemn thought; at length he spoke again; "You, Rabbi! you have implored for this miserable the mercy of his God," said Hamet, in tones that told how fervently his own heart could join the supplication.

"Effendim, he has had the prayers of his brethren; from the hour when his crime and its certain consequence, became fully known, have they not ceased; his last act was one of penitence: who shall limit the long-suffering of our God?"

"Allah Karim! God is merciful! He pardons all!" responded the Osmanli, lowly and to himself, rather than for the ears of those near him, while St. Maur bent his head in sincere

accord with the prayers of the two respectable men, feeling in heart the deepest reverence for both.

“Effendim, we are furthermore your debtors for the rescue of our brother’s remains,” remarked the Rabbi, after a long silence; “to you also, noble Englishman, our best thanks are due. I speak not of the moneys disbursed by you to effect it; yet were it fitter that ourselves should be the purchasers, but we dared not even attempt it, we should but have ensured our own destruction; yet we feared exceedingly the exhibition of his remains, seeing that further excitement of the people, already kindled against us, could scarcely have subsided but with loss of life and property to our suffering race. Effendim, you have increased our before large debt, to an extent incalculable.”

Returning a suitable reply, the friends bade cordial farewell to the respectable Rabbi, but were followed some hours later, by a deputation from the Hebrews, of which stood first Johanan

Ben Hikkadel, the before unsuccessful Ambassador. These laid at Hamet's feet the magnificent offering of Jewish gratitude before prepared; added thereto were jewels of immense amount, but held lightly on this occasion by that wealthy body, nor was the Englishman's share in the service they were acknowledging, forgotten.

The whole party now left Warsaw, not excepting Anna Gadomska, whom the Countess had found nothing loth to pass the approaching summer at her old familiar home, Labronna; even the Ravendok—incipient apron and petticoat—so needful to Anna's repose, was not left behind, the respectable fabric was procured, on a day more auspicious to the purchase thereof than that on which the latter had been previously attempted.

To Nikolaj, who had discovered the cause of his lady's visit to that unaccustomed region, the Ulica Podval, this material became an object of the most profound respect; aprons and petticoats, the original cause of his unhoped-for rescue,

were ever after, in his estimation, but one step only below the saints, nay up to this moment he has, on their account, ever lived in especial charity with the wearers of garments so named.

All now arranged, the happy household set forth to Labronna, whence, after a short stay, all repaired to the seat of Voleslas at Stanislowa, where the reception of the party was exactly that to be expected from their warm hearted hosts ; the details we leave for each to imagine.

## CHAPTER XII.

Manie, manie things haue written  
When they'd better still haue sitten.  
Peraduenture, so haue I,  
Yet I knowe no reason why.  
For, tho' I sholde not please anie,  
And tho' I be scorned of manie,  
None—I truste—offende I shall—  
So I take my leaue of alle.

CONTENTION OF THE ELEPHANT AND FLEA,  
BY PETER WODEHOUSE, 1605.

Six months after the events related in the last chapter, the Neapolitan Palace of the P——i was hired by the Lady Anna De Los Morenos, for a family party, to meet which she had visited Italy.



Our old acquaintance were those who formed it—Romanowski, with his Countess, the bright Zarifa De Los Morenos; St. Maur, with his newly-won bride, Fedora Romanowska, but his, if we may believe Fedora, only because of that formidable Osmanli, Hamet of Stamboul; he had declared that if she were cruel to his young friend, he would indubitably marry her himself, and what could poor Fedora do?

With these was the Countess Julia, come to see the beauties of Italy, through the eyes of her watchful Berkovicz, to hear the minstrels that make the Land of Song ever festival, and to be by no means the least gay or least happy of the group.

The Lady Romanowska would not separate from her children, and a great sight it was to see their happiness; but her home on the Vistula had not been left without a struggle. It is not when the winter of life has found us that we enter most cordially on things new and strange, however beautiful and bright these may be.

The good Anna, with whom were old Marzalek and the Jaskolka slayer, Lukasz, remained at Labronna—Labronna, once more the mere pendicle to the Romanowski possessions, their old domains reverting to that house by the death of Cheffkine, and the Emperor showing no disposition to disturb them in the resumption of those rights which Berkovicz, seeing his brother pre-occupied, had taken care to claim and enter on, in his behoof.

Nikolaj, now the steady and well-esteemed servant of Zarifa, was no longer vainly sought when his mistress required his service. He had attended her to Italy, as had Olga and Litta, their respective Ladies ; nor did Henryk, or even that useful personage “ Nero ” remain behind.

Have we forgotten our dear friend, the Boatman of the Bosphorus ? “ Now over Gods forebode ! ” Retained by spells he could not break through, the noble Osmanli was still beside his foster child. Nor did they yet meditate separation. To his fair Kiosk at Antigone—loveliest of the Prince’s Isles,

many of those whom his fine benevolent eyes then looked around upon, had agreed to bear him company. Kazimir and his Countess, St. Maur and Fedora, are his promised visitors—for the latter appears to have pardoned the tyranny with which she charges him, and had refused to be omitted. Their sojourn in Italy concluded, such is the next arrangement of these our friends—bright and happy themselves, they could seek no lovelier shores, nor could any more appropriate home be selected for the fortunate, than are the bowers that gem the radiant banks of the Bosphorus. Will the reader say *Bon Voyage*?

FINIS.



